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EDMUND WILSON *on*

The Scottsboro Case

Taxes Should Be Raised

by ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON

Iron Rations for Intellectuals - *James Rorty*
Texas Lights - *Stark Young;* The Sacco-Vanzetti Case - *Editorial;* Book Reviews by *Robert Morss Lovett; R. G. Tugwell M. R. Werner; Lewis Mumford*

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Is It Too Late?

Is there time "to stem the tide of discontent, of disorder and of political and economic revolution" now rising in many countries—and how can it be done? This fateful question is asked in the recent startling address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University entitled *"Progress and Poverty,"* based on the great book by *Henry George.* A folder containing this notable address, abridged, and pointing the answer, will be sent free upon request.

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THE "suicidal policy of trade restriction," which goes under the name of Protection, is one of the five or six major causes of the world-wide economic depression. Therefore *The Nation* has decided to ask some students of the problem here and abroad to contribute a series of articles which will begin in the issue of September 2. The articles will appear in the following order:

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION?
by FRANCIS W. HIRST, of London, lately editor of *The Economist* and *Commonsense.*

FREE TRADE and the UNITED STATES
by HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor of *The Nation.*

GERMANY'S GAIN FROM ABOLISHING TARIFFS
by PROF. DR. KARL BRANDT, Berlin.

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

WHETHER or not the Cuban revolution has been suppressed, as President Machado states, by the capture of Menocal and other leaders and the victories of the Federal forces, it was inevitable that it should occur. And if the abuses at which it was directed are not removed, another and perhaps a more successful one will follow in the future. Machado has, as readers of The New Republic know, maintained himself in power by a corrupt and ruthless dictatorship. He has changed the constitution in order to continue in office, has bribed opposition, has denied liberty of the press, has closed universities, has imprisoned labor leaders. Many of his enemies have been murdered or have mysteriously disappeared. The depression added the crowning cause of discontent to the Cuban opposition. Ambassador Guggenheim, who has been heatedly accused of backing the Machado regime, is reported not to have done so in his official capacity, maintaining the attitude of non-intervention favored by our Department of State. Unofficially, however, he seems to have done his best to convince the opposition leaders that they should not revolt, but should rather consent to a compromise program of reform which would keep Machado in office a while longer. It is sometimes difficult for patriots to distinguish between the official and the unofficial acts of an Ambassador. Even if his judgment were the best in the world, it might have been better, either not to intervene at all, or to intervene in his official capacity, under the Platt Amendment, in behalf of constitutional good government and civil rights.

THE dark wings of financial crisis have temporarily fluttered from Berlin and are casting shadows over London. The sudden drop of sterling exchange, caused by panicky withdrawal of short-term funds, was quickly remedied by the announcement of a loan to the Bank of England from the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. There is not the cause for permanent apprehension on this score in the case of England that there is in the case of Germany, on account of the enormous amount of British capital in foreign markets, both short-term and long-term, which could be mobilized in case of need, as it was during the War. But confidence still wavers on account of the impending deficit in the budget. It will be remembered that Chancellor Snowden in his last budget speech performed a few sleight-of-hand tricks which he thought would remedy the trouble —but only on the assumption that business recovery was at hand. Recovery seems little nearer now than it did then, and in any case receipts from taxes could not increase for many months after the upturn, while extraordinary expenditures would be bound to continue. The May Committee has rendered an alarming report, which predicts a deficit of £120,000,000 and recommends drastic cutting of unemployment benefits and a reduction of 20 percent in teachers' salaries, together with other narrowing of social services. Such measures are unpalatable, especially to the Labor government. It would rather increase taxes—a measure which the Conservatives and a good number of Liberals bitterly oppose. It remains to be seen whether the Cabinet will succeed in getting all parties together on a compromise program.

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IN DEALING with overproduction of oil, governmental authorities seem temporarily to be more successful than in restricting the sale of farm products. First in Oklahoma, and now in Texas, all major wells have been closed by the state military forces, under order from the Governors. Governor Murray of Oklahoma announces that he will keep the wells closed until the price of oil goes back to a dollar a barrel. This action has at least a color of law behind it, since state statutes provide for the restriction of oil production according to a quota system; the courts have so far declined to interfere with the Governors' edicts. Nevertheless, the fact that the quota system has so far failed to maintain prices, in spite of the fact that it has been theoretically in operation for many months, indicates that a more rational method of control must be developed. What assurance have Oklahoma and Texas that California and other fields may not produce enough more to render their action ineffective? Why should the exploitation of oil be left to the competitive action of many individuals anyway? It causes, as is known to all students of the subject, enormous waste in drilling and extraction as well as in marketing. The fact that we have to call out the militia to alleviate a crisis in a basic product like this is in itself a glaring demonstration that our day-to-day methods of business are nonsensical.

IT IS bad news that Mahatma Gandhi has decided not to go to the Indian Conference in London. Before the conference convenes the difficulties which caused his decision to stay away may possibly have been settled; but as things now stand, the chance that the meeting can achieve important results is much reduced. Mr. Gandhi bases his action on the charge that the Viceroy has violated the terms of the truce of Delhi, but details of the dispute have not reached us. It seems incredible that at this juncture the Viceroy should deliberately risk the failure of the conference by action which will antagonize the comparatively moderate Indian opinion represented by Mr. Gandhi. Yet the history of British rule in India is full of examples of equal folly, and Mr. Gandhi certainly would not take so serious a step without what he regards as ample grounds.

IN China social changes of enormous scope are in progress, affecting not only economic affairs but religion and the family. These momentous changes, which are seldom touched upon in such press despatches as reach the Western hemisphere, are described and analyzed in a study of the present social scene by a Chinese scholar, L. K. Tao, appearing in the current issue of Pacific Affairs. As an outstanding cause of such social change, the Western (industrial) economy is seen spreading at an accelerated pace through all of China, submerging the medieval system of production under a flood of foreign factory products, such as matches, cigarettes, clothing materials and machinery. Advertising placards of foreign manufacturers are replacing the primitive native wood-cuts of fairy tales in Chinese peasant huts, a fact which is perhaps symbolic of the rapidly changing temper of the people. Under the influence of Western ideas, the younger generation of men and women, in solving questions of marriage or career, is revolting against the traditionally rigid family control. During the present period of tragic upheavals and dislocations at home, and of economic difficulties among the capitalist nations of the West, the intellectual classes, according to Mr. Tao, are more and more deeply impressed by the example of the great neighboring country, Russia. In the eyes of the Chinese, Communist Russia has won immense prestige by halting the sort of foreign aggression from which China has suffered, and by the resolute attempt to solve those problems of economic inequality and injustice which afflict all the rest of the world. Confirming the statements made by Mr. Prohme in The New Republic of August 12, Mr. Tao speaks of the extraordinary progress of Communism in large sections of China, and of the adoption of its program by millions of Chinese, especially landless peasants who are expropriating the landlords.

ONE of the immediate factors preventing the return of America business to more normal levels of activity is the uncertainty of the banking situation, which leads to local panics in the midst of the general depression, like ulcers revealing the diseased condition of the body financial. One city after another has become, for practical purposes, a city without banks. On a given morning, the leading financial institutions fail to open their doors. The smaller banks in outlying communities are faced by anxious lines of depositors whom they cannot always satisfy on short notice. The city is left without cash. Pay rolls cannot be met; retail establishments are temporarily closed; there is talk of a general moratorium on mortgages and taxes. Traveling salesmen hear the news and strike the affected city from their routes; hotels are nearly empty; for the moment the city is almost divorced from the national economy. Then begins a slow process of reconstruction. Stores reopen; the sounder banks are reorganized, the others liquidated; loans are adjusted, pay rolls met, and money creeps back into circulation—while the trial of the reckless bankers directly responsible for the catastrophe drags its way through the courts.

SUCH is a brief picture of what has happened already in Nashville, Asheville and Louisville. Such is a picture, too, of what will probably happen in Toledo, where five of the seven leading banks have recently been closed, four of them on one day. A number of weighty conclusions can be drawn from the situation; most of them, in fact, have been drawn already. But has anyone mentioned its connection with the various embassies of American bankers lately despatched to Europe to solve the

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financial problems of the world? True, they haven't solved these problems, but they have done a quantity of "mitigating," to use the favorite word of President Hoover, the greatest of all our mitigators. Why couldn't they apply their talents to the banking situation in our own country? Why could not Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, for example, be sent on a government mission to Toledo to formulate methods for the mitigation, alleviation or what-not of financial conditions in that stricken city? And if this proposal seems too ambitious, why couldn't he help the depositors of the Bank of United States in New York to recover some of the money which seems farther and farther away as the months pass by without a dividend?

THE Seabury investigation of municipal corruption in New York has already amply justified itself. It has put John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, on the witness stand and forced him to admit that he made a long-distance call to a Tammany judge, interceding to release from jail Dr. Doyle, the ex-veterinarian sentenced for contempt because he refused to tell with whom he split the bribes of $2,000,000 received in a few years during his "practice" before the municipal Board of Standards and Appeals. Not since the days of Tweed has Tammany been shown in a more sinister light than was thrown upon it by Mr. Curry during his testimony. He evinced not the slightest concern for the exposure of graft; on the contrary, all his solicitude was to prevent the investigation from finding out the facts. That has been the attitude of every other Tammany man related in any way to the current investigation, including the members of the legislative committee. In the old days, Tammany kept up at least the pretense of belief in public honor. It is a serious thing when its chief spokesmen come forward as the tacit apologists for graft.

The Shreds of Justice

SACCO and Vanzetti survive in a perennial glory conferred upon them by Massachusetts justice. August 23, 1931, is the fourth anniversary of their martyrization; and in the years that have passed, the stream of pamphlets, documents, books, plays, testimonials in their behalf, speaks fully of the deep influence of their destiny upon men and events, of their irresistible force as a symbol. But no work of reparation, no expression of opinion during those years, has had the official majesty of the Wickersham Committee Report on "Lawlessness in Law Enforcement," which now appears fittingly almost on the eve of the Sacco-Vanzetti anniversary. It was inevitable that the President's commission would give attention to the famous Massachusetts murder trial, to the most notorious example of government-sanctioned lawlessness that the world had seen since the Dreyfus case. But well informed persons also believed that all findings with reference to Sacco and Vanzetti would either be distorted or totally suppressed, in view of the evasiveness already shown by the President's commission. That this was largely what took place, The New Republic has good grounds to believe; but whether out of shame, or as the result of an error of the censorship, a page of guarded juristic opinion on "Sacco vs. Massachusetts" is actually suffered to appear, and thus to give the sanction of a high tribunal to the belief of millions throughout the world that the trial proceedings in Boston and the subsequent hearings were a mockery of justice.

Many readers will recall the fanatical prejudice of Judge Webster Thayer which, entrenching itself behind all forms of legal technicality, fought bitterly to preserve the *fait accompli* of July, 1921, crushed the seven-year-long defense and sent the two Anarchists to their death. It is on the score of this manifest prejudice that the lawyers of the Wickersham Committee (Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Walter H. Pollak and Carl Stern) review and criticize the conduct of the case as an example of "unfairness in prosecuting." Their report says, on page 280:

> In a Massachusetts murder case a seventh motion for a new trial was made on the ground that the trial judge was prejudiced. In some of the prior six motions the supreme judicial court had held that the trial judge's rulings on questions of fact were final and could not under their system be reviewed by them. Therefore the seventh motion brought up the question whether in making these decisions on contested questions of fact the Court had been free from prejudice. The defendants' attorneys requested the trial judge not to pass upon the motion as to whether he was or was not prejudiced, but to have the question referred to another judge. This the trial court declined to do. Instead he proceeded to hear the motion and to deny it on the ground that the time to make it had expired. On this ground his denial was sustained by the supreme judicial court. In the opinion of the investigators, the fact that the trial judge did not permit another judge to pass upon the question whether he was free from bias tended to confirm the feeling that there was bias, and this was not affected by the fact that another judge would have had to deny the motion for want of jurisdiction.

In other words, Judge Thayer himself passed upon the question of Judge Thayer's prejudice—never permitting the question to be aired, thanks to the formalities of jurisdiction. And the Wickersham report itself confirms forever the feeling not only "that there was bias" but that a bigoted, half-educated super-patriot was bent on "protecting the citizens against the Reds" by all the means in his power. There is need for a change in the statutes here, the reformist lawyers of the Wickersham Committee point out, since in the United States courts such "difficulties" are avoided. "A federal judge does not rule on his own bias or prejudice." But there will be need for much more than statutory changes; for behind the infamous Thayer there

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loomed the passion, fear and race prejudice of a whole commonwealth defending tooth and nail the "honor" of its judiciary system, which is to say, its crime directed by war hysteria, its frame-up.

If you are an ordinary criminal, under our system of laws you can secure leniency or escape scot free by putting up a stout legal resistance or spending liberal sums of money. But if you have set yourself against society upon an issue of war or class revolution, if you have become the victim of a frame-up on the score of social expediency, then there is scant hope for you; you meet with the ferocious resistance of all the agencies and branches of the government, united in defense of its "honor." This is the meaning of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, of the Mooney-Billings affair, and of so many others before them. It is also the lesson of another important work of jurisprudence upon Sacco and Vanzetti which has just appeared in most timely fashion: "The Sacco-Vanzetti Case," by Osmond K. Fraenkel. This complete, impartial, nontechnical history and analysis by a highly reputed member of the New York bar may be recommended as the most valuable contribution to the field since the five-volume edition of the complete court records.

Mr. Fraenkel touches on every phase of the case without personal intrusions, pays full respect to the prosecution and the court as well as to the defense, confining himself to juristic analysis of both; but on the whole his exhaustive study leaves us with an overpowering sense of how insubstantial and superficial was the evidence upon which the two victims were sentenced. There were clear signs of "persuasion" of witnesses by the prosecution; there were numerous contradictions or loopholes in the prosecution's testimony which were never utilized by the defense—as can be seen when the case is soberly reviewed after four years. Circumstantial evidence and the element of a supposed "consciousness of guilt" weigh most heavily upon the verdict; the statements of "direct" witnesses are vague and confusing; the evidence of experts, drawn from pistols and bullets, is highly technical, conflicting, more or less comprehensible, and was handed to the poor human jurors as evidence of guilt to be seriously considered.

An impartial observer for the Boston Federation of Churches noted the prejudice of judge and jury alike against the defendants as so-called Reds and draft evaders; and Mr. Fraenkel without comment quotes her conclusion:

> Summed up, the defendants, Sacco and Vanzetti, according to law were convicted on no evidence of identification, evidence of conscious guilt justly open to grave doubts, and expert testimony which in itself was on one side paid to affirm and on the other paid to deny, and even as affirmative testimony was not sustained.

Such is the juristic picture—added to the prudent Wickersham Committee's report—of the Sacco-Vanzetti proceedings upon which the court and the executive of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts gave the two men over to the executioner in the face of the world's horror. And above all this is the abiding memory of Thayer's sheer delight in his role, of his astounding behavior outside the courtroom—"Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards?" Even the Lowell Committee was led to rebuke Thayer, for "indecorum," for unprecedented conduct, while clutching at the honorable shreds of Massachusetts justice.

Most of the records of the case have now been published in full, save in one important respect, as Mr. Fraenkel points out: the pre-trial correspondence between the prosecuting attorneys (Katzman and West) and the Boston agents of the Department of Justice who had been shadowing the two radicals with a view to arranging for their deportation. These all-important documents which would reveal the preparations of the prosecution have been forever excluded from the public gaze. One may well speculate upon how much they would tell about the frame-up system used in the days of Palmer.

The case of Sacco and Vanzetti was not conducted in accordance with the requirements of the law, in the opinion of official and unofficial tribunals. Its decision was the work of wartime hysteria and prejudice. Sacco and Vanzetti are no more; but the last words of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, beautiful for all their faltering grammar, have the ring of immortality:

> If it had not been for these thing, I might have to live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have to die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph.

The Insulting Monroe Doctrine

ANOTHER attempt to mollify the critics of the Monroe Doctrine was made in Acting Secretary Castle's address at the Virginia Institute of Public Affairs. According to Mr. Castle, the Monroe Doctrine does not give the United States "any warrant to interfere in the internal affairs of an American state. It has no taint of imperialism. . . . The Monroe Doctrine confers no superior position on the United States." Following the lead of the Reuben Clark memorandum, published by the State Department more than a year ago, Mr. Castle repudiates the theory advanced by Roosevelt, Knox and Lansing that the Monroe Doctrine imposed upon us the right, if not the duty, of intervention.

In stating, moreover, that the Monroe Doctrine

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"accomplished its task," that it has not been invoked since the Venezuela crisis of 1895 (a statement which is not strictly correct), and that "one cannot see the remotest possibility that we shall have to invoke it again," Mr. Castle is obviously attempting to play down its present importance. Nevertheless, he insists that the "Doctrine is today . . . as sound a policy as it ever was," and that "there is no reason to strike it from the roll of American responsibilities. . . . It remains an assurance of our unswerving friendship toward our sister nations of this Western Hemisphere."

Mr. Castle's address deserves credit as an attempt to build up the confidence of the outside world in a policy which has always defied definition. But what he built with one hand, he tore down with the other. Having reassured the Latin American countries about the future effect of the Monroe Doctrine, he interpreted its past in a manner calculated to wound their susceptibilities. And he illustrated these historical claims by a map which deserves to be reproduced in any encyclopedia of diplomatic blunders.

The map was a historical comparison of Africa and South America. It showed that in 1823, when the Doctrine was first advanced, both continents were independent. Africa since then has been colonized by European powers, while South America remains free. Although Mr. Castle admits that the Latin Americans themselves deserve some credit for their independence, the very use of this map implies that the chief reason for the difference in status between South America and Africa today is the Monroe Doctrine. Such an implication is not only of questionable taste but is clearly unsound. South America, dominated by a transplanted European culture, has reached a degree of civilization and power of which the primitive, illiterate peoples of Africa have so far proved incapable. To create the impression that the independence of South America is due primarily to the altruism of the United States, as reflected in the Monroe Doctrine, is an aspersion upon the accomplishments of the Latin American peoples.

Mr. Castle's map is equaled by that famous sentence in Reuben Clark's memorandum which declares that the Monroe Doctrine is an "unbought, freely bestowed and wholly effective guarantee" of the "freedom, independence and territorial integrity of Latin America" against "the imperialistic designs of Europe." It is somewhat unusual for an American state paper to refer to the "imperialistic designs of Europe," especially in view of the expansionist record of the United States. And it is historically inaccurate to intimate, as do both Mr. Castle and Mr. Clark, that the Monroe Doctrine was the result primarily of our sympathy for the struggling Latin American republics. The diary of John Quincy Adams makes it clear that, in excluding European powers from colonizing the Western Hemisphere, the primary motive of the Monroe Doctrine was not to guarantee Latin American independence, but to keep the way open for the southward expansion of the United States —an expansion which actually took place as a result of our wars of aggression against Mexico and Spain. The United States declined to give a "guarantee" to Latin American governments at least three times between 1823 and 1826; and since then there have been many cases in which the United States has done nothing to prevent the aggressions of European powers against Latin American countries. We have applied the Monroe Doctrine when—and only when—we believed that our national interests would be advanced.

Even when purged of its interventionist taint, the Monroe Doctrine has no place in a world whose goal should be international coöperation upon a basis of good will and equity. A century ago many Latin Americans may have been willing to regard the United States as a hen watching over a brood of twenty chicks. But the chicks have long since grown up, and now resent the attempt to perpetuate our guardianship. Moreover, in assuming that there is a greater danger to Latin America from Europe than from the United States, the Monroe Doctrine is distinctly unfriendly to powers whose record is no better or worse than our own. In case any outside guarantee is necessary for Latin American independence, it should not take the form of a unilateral doctrine, interpreted and applied at the pleasure of a single power; it should be applied by the organized community of nations in accordance with the processes of international law. If our official spokesmen continue to make unsound historical claims for the the Monroe Doctrine, to attribute to the United States a virtue superior to that of other governments, and to disparage the capacity of the Latin American republics to look after themselves, they will grievously fail in their efforts to improve relations with our southern neighbors.

Too Much Cotton

THE FARM BOARD'S proposal that the states force the cotton farmers to plow under every third row was not, of course, made with any idea that this remedy for disastrous prices would be seriously considered. It was a sample of the trivial and dishonest political tactics which seem to be thought proper by responsible persons in this country. Its purpose was not to solve the problem, but to pass the buck. People have been blaming the Board, and the administration behind it, for the plight of agriculture. The Board believes that it cannot help unless the farmers and the local authorities do something to keep surplus crops off the market. This suggestion was made in order to dramatize the Board's lack of power. It will not be adopted; cotton prices will continue to be low; and the Board can say, "We told you what to do, and since you did not do it, the fault is yours."

There is some reason for the outrage and de-

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rision with which the suggestion has been greeted by the press. If it could be effectuated, it would cause such conspicuous waste of a tremendous amount of presumably useful raw material, and of the labor which went into its production, that it appears to be downright insane. But the critics have not been shrewd in locating the root causes of the insanity. It is just as outrageous that the surplus cotton should rot in the fields or should be held indefinitely in the warehouse depressing the price below any reasonable cost of production, as if it were deliberately destroyed. There is just as much waste of precious human energy involved in raising cotton which cannot be sold as there would be in plowing that cotton under. The system—or rather the lack of system—which perennially makes certain that unsalable surpluses shall be produced is really a fault.

What is this lack of system? It is nothing more nor less than the good old "rugged individualism" which is so often praised by President Hoover and other leading spokesmen of an outworn type of economy. Millions of competitive individual growers decide, severally and separately, what crops they shall plant and how much of each. These decisions are made on the basis of lack of sufficient information about markets, lack of any assurance that an intelligent policy followed by one grower will not be nullified by the action of his competitors, lack of facilities for changing the technique and methods imposed by tradition. They are really not free choices at all. It is absurd to blame the poor Negro tenant farmer—who knows little except cotton culture and not too much about that, who has no means of support except the loans he can obtain from local merchants on the basis of cotton liens, and who would find few channels through which to market anything else he might raise, even if he could raise it—for the failure to reduce the crop. The individual in an unplanned and uncoördinated agriculture is even more helpless than the authorities.

The formula of the Farm Board has been to plaster on top of this underlying confusion a series of marketing coöperatives. But marketing coöperatives do not of themselves create any solution for overproduction. The most obvious difficulty, which coöperatives have experienced again and again, is that if they gain enough control of the situation to raise the price, non-members at least will be likely to increase their output and sell through other agencies. We have, because of our worship of abstract individualism, shied away from any but a half-hearted application of this type of remedy. If we are going to have selling agencies depending on government support and knit into our political system, we ought not to shrink from going the whole hog, as the British have done in their new agricultural marketing act. This law includes, among other things, a provision that if two-thirds of the producers of a given product, and producers of two-thirds of that product, vote in favor of a coöperative marketing agency (which must be governmentally supervised), no producer can sell except through the agency in question, and every producer must sell the quantities and at prices set by the governing board. Penalties are provided for violation of these clauses. Provision is, of course, made for the representation of consumers in the operation of the scheme. This puts the police power of government behind the restriction of production through control of marketing.

Of course, far more than this is necessary for a reasonable agricultural regime. It must go back into the producing regions; it must in some way or other create the proper production units; it must have a land policy. This truth was demonstrated five years ago in a report made by a special commission of the Reclamation Bureau, which proposed to set up a few scientifically planned agricultural communities in the South, for purposes of experiment and demonstration. The practical effect of these settlements in increasing already overproduced crops would have been nil; their area would have been relatively small, and as a matter of fact they would have grown no cotton. But they would have been extremely helpful in working out the correct production units on the land, in establishing the local economic and social organization which might furnish the elementary essentials of planning and control. Such communities could be integrated with a national agricultural policy. But prejudice opposed them and Coolidge economy prevented the appropriation of the small sum necessary to bring them into being.

Agriculture in its distress cannot be rescued by quack medicines, by left-handed, clumsy and superficial remedies, by plasters applied on the surface. It needs thorough reorganization, planning from the bottom up. The stupid and dangerous doctrine of rugged individualism is what prevents us from seeing the situation as it is and beginning the essential tasks. Those who preach this doctrine are really responsible for the farmers' plight. Until this truth is generally recognized, the outlook for American agriculture will remain dark, and distress will recur.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Taxes Should Be Raised

UNTIL a year or so ago, discussion of federal finances usually centered on proposals to reduce taxes. How rapidly should the debt be paid off? If taxes were lowered, where would the changes come and how extensive would they be? Should the federal government entirely give up certain sources of revenue such as inheritance or estate taxes? These and similar questions absorbed attention.

We reduced the public debt with a rapidity that aroused envy among other nations, but annual surpluses were still large. Now, with almost dramatic suddenness the situation has changed. Instead of a surplus there is a deficit in federal finances, amounting for the fiscal year which ended June 30, to the sum of $903,000,000. A part of this is to be explained by the further reduction of debt, but there remains a net increase in indebtedness of something over $400,000,000,

There are two possible procedures to cover the deficit. One is to meet it by short-time borrowing. This would be easy with funds as abundant and money rates as low as they are today. Borrowing could be defended on the theory that the difficulty is temporary; that business may be expected to improve soon, and that there need be no change in existing rates of taxation. The other proposal is to increase tax rates or to impose new taxes.

Perhaps the air can best be cleared by observing that there are three ways to manage public finances. One is to budget carefully each year, arranging in advance as accurately as possible the proposed revenues and expenditures. This is a common practice, well illustrated in Great Britain, where the Chancellor of the Exchequer each spring submits to Parliament a balanced plan. Estimates will, of course, not always be accurate, but the results in many countries have been remarkably satisfactory.

Another method is to set taxes so high that revenues will be adequate to cover expenditures even during years of depression. Under this plan the surpluses in prosperous years could be used for rapid reduction or to build up revenues for use in time of need. An obvious difficulty is to protect these reserves against raids in the form of increased appropriations by Congress. The third alternative is to keep taxes low and to meet the deficit of poor years by borrowing, taxes being high enough to make possible a moderate debt reduction in good years.

No clear-cut adoption of any one of these alternatives can be expected, but they indicate general lines of policy. A federal budget carefully balanced in advance and rigidly adhered to will not be a reality in the near future. Without any formal decision we shall probably waver between the other two extremes, not consciously adopting either. The administration and Congress must decide, however, what action to take. Until Congress reconvenes, borrowing will be necessary and fortunately such a method is easy and inexpensive. But by next December the issue must certainly be faced. Tax rates should at that time be increased, and for a number of reasons.

The first is that it seems highly probable that the effects of the business depression will be felt for some time to come. We seem to have reached the bottom of the depression, and with good luck and under wise guidance conditions from now on should improve. But tax receipts in 1932 will be based on the low incomes and bad business conditions of 1931. Existing rates may give an even lower yield next year than this.

From the point of view of expenditures the situation seems less hopeful. In spite of all the oratorical demonstrations that taxes are too high and that public expenditures must be reduced, little effective action has been taken. The reason for this is that life is becoming increasingly complex and the government is compelled to solve more and more of our problems. The demands made upon it are rapidly increasing and apparently will continue to increase. Governmental activity is growing both intensively and extensively.

Though each citizen will approve of those particular governmental expenditures which are of especial benefit to him, it can hardly be expected that the higher taxes necessitated by the ever widening function of government will be greeted without protest. Those upon whom the brunt of taxation falls will naturally object, though each citizen will choose a different point of view for his criticism.

By the end of 1931 there will be an appreciable addition to the public debt with its consequent debt charges. This is because of a decrease in tax receipts and because of certain additions to expenditures, notably the heavy advances on adjusted service certificates. This addition to debt charges will, however, be less because of the low rates at which loans can now be floated.

Another increased demand for funds will come from the moratorium on the intergovernmental debts. This means a gap of about $246,000,000 which must be met, a fact constantly kept before the public by opponents of debt reduction. President Hoover's moratorium was eminently wise, although one might wish he had suggested it sooner. But now that it is an actuality we shall not receive the amounts due us from the British and other governments. The moratorium will last a year and during that time the sums involved might be raised by borrowing. But it is gratifying to see that a

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large number of people realize that the period may be prolonged far beyond a year and that the task now is to find a political formula for permanently eliminating the debts.

It may at once be suggested that this cancellation will remove the pressure on business to such an extent that existing taxes will be adequate or more than adequate. Possibly so, but probably not. Partly because of the long delay and partly for other reasons, the problem is now too complicated for a complete solution in so simple a manner. The public debts, or at least the annual payments on public-debt account, are today far smaller than the amounts due on private debts. There is now so general a tangle of difficulties that the moratorium or even the cancellation must soon be supplemented by other measures and these will be harder to arrange than was the moratorium.

It is not easy to indicate what other major governmental expenditures there will be. Unless business revives more rapidly than now seems probable, we shall still be confronted by a serious problem of unemployment next winter, and Congress will pass appropriations for unemployment relief. Congress may encounter a presidential veto, but a repetition of last winter's experiences will arouse public opinion and make it difficult, especially before an election, to resist popular demands for relief. Then there are the railroads. Increased freight rates may aid them, but unless business improves very soon they will certainly demand federal aid of some sort. Thus, more revenues are needed and existing taxes at present rates will be inadequate.

Increases should be based upon several general propositions, of which two are suggested. The first is an adherence to the theory that taxes should be levied primarily with reference to an ability to pay. And the second is that no one should be misled by certain obvious fallacies advanced by those who oppose higher taxes, especially on incomes and inheritances.

That ability to pay should be the fundamental test is generally conceded, but there are many ingenious ways for dodging its application. One is to contend that every tax payer should be forced to contribute to the support of the federal government and hence become more watchful of its expenditures and more conscious of his duties as a citizen. This can be accepted as a valid argument in favor of lower exemptions and higher rates in the lower income brackets only if it carries with it the proposal that a large mass of indirect taxes be abolished. Internal revenue duties and duties on imported goods are a far heavier burden upon persons of small income. Unless they can be sharply reduced or eliminated, simple justice demands that any new burdens must be borne by the higher incomes and by a heavier estate tax.

More plausible, but none the less fallacious, are several ideas that have gained wide credence. One is that higher taxes will take funds from ordinary business uses and hence should not be levied. The answer is that the funds must be taken in any case and business needs will suffer just as much if they are secured through loans as through taxes. The amount needed is the same. In passing it may be noted that funds are so abundant that for the time being the argument would have little merit, even if it were sound.

A second misconception is the one so zealously advanced for many years by Mr. Mellon, namely, that higher rates on the larger incomes will mean a lower yield. This view would certainly be a surprise to Chancellor Snowden and other finance ministers who are stubbornly acting on the opposite theory. Its inaccuracy is amply demonstrated by our own experience since lowered rates on large incomes have brought smaller rather than larger returns. Moreover, if true at all, it applies only where the percentage of income actually taken is far higher than under existing rates or under any we have had in the past. Only in case they are so high as to discourage enterprise or to encourage tax evasion are they to be opposed on the ground that they reduce yield. No increases that will be suggested are likely to have either of these effects. Of course the opposition to them is primarily due to the fact that they are direct taxes and cannot readily be shifted or evaded.

Nor should anyone be misled by reference to taxes on "capital," especially the federal estate taxes. The fact that the amount levied is calculated as a percentage of capital value is of no importance, since all property taxes are levied in a similar manner. Nor is it socially harmful if such taxes actually cause a liquidation of the estates. If sold to pay taxes the properties still exist, merely with new owners who are probably as meritorious as the former ones. They will doubtless manage the properties just as well—and in many cases the owners do not manage the properties at all.

If there is any such thing as a normal or proper reversal of trends, the public may well remember the arguments of a few years ago in favor of lowering the high rate on large incomes. At that time we were reminded that taxes should be lowered and that the principle of capacity to pay should be modified by reduction, first of all, in the higher brackets. Today more revenues are needed, and higher rates in the upper brackets should be restored. Yet one would not wish to rest his case on such a basis.

A few words may be added in connection with the current panic about radicalism. Some of it is hysteria. But in so far as there is reason to fear that ill considered and unwise changes are pending there is every reason for conservatives to be careful. It is said that capitalism and Western civilization are in peril. If so, one of the best offsets that can be devised is a demonstration that our need for higher federal revenues can be met by placing taxes on those most able to bear them.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

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Iron Rations for Intellectuals

IT WAS about a year ago that an office associate of mine dropped into my cubicle, sat down and said:

"What would you do if you were walking up Park Avenue on your way to work, on a bright June morning, and suddenly burst into tears?"

I extended my hand.

"Congratulations, Bill. I take it that you are still alive."

My friend looked puzzled. I waved my hand in a gesture that took in a score of cubicles lining the corridor.

"How many of these office worms have either wept or laughed profoundly in all these many years that they have been doing business as usual? How many of them have managed to retain any reverence for themselves or any sense of the obligation which is implicit in their presumptive status as human beings? You are fortunate, Bill. You are exceptional.

"Do you know," I continued with mock shrewdness, "I suspect that you must be one of these 'intellectuals' I hear about."

"Good God!" exclaimed my friend.

Bill's story is typical and can be briefly told. On Memorial Day, with bands playing outside his window, and the nation honoring the memory of the men who made the supreme sacrifice of declining to live, Bill took stock of his personal economy. During the preceding twelve months he had earned, as a publicity man for his firm and from writing commercial short stories and detective novels in his spare time, nineteen thousand dollars. Of that period, he had spent one week in writing a five-thousand-word story which had some relation to what he thought, felt and was—an honest human statement exhibiting genuine talent, which he had been unable to sell. In other words, he had lived less than a fiftieth of his life during that period. And in return for this all but supreme sacrifice, he had on his desk a bank balance of $500, bills for twice that amount, and a request from his broker for more margin. Of course he had other "assets." He had a lease on an expensive apartment and a mortgage-loaded deed to a house in the country.

So, on the first day of June, Bill walked up Park Avenue in the bright sunshine, while the tears poured down his face. He wept, not for the honored and indifferent dead, but for the dishonored and tortured living. He would have done better to swear, and I told him so. Before he left that morning he was cursing fluently—at me, for the most part. He damned me out for being an intellectual. I said thanks for the compliment, which I scarcely deserved.

Well, a little later, Bill was fired—good man, fast, clever publicity hack, but too many "outside interests." They fired me about the same time and for the same reason. Firing was too good for me. They should have drawn and quartered me and spiked my wolf's hide in the lobby for a warning. During the preceding twelve months I had actually managed to live about 50 percent of my time.

Half a loaf is better than no bread. This year, maybe I can boost my average a little. It is high time. I, too, have been one of these yelping "intellectuals" who make too much money, spend too much money, hop out of twentieth-story windows, shoot themselves and otherwise bore God by crying into their near-beer. It has taken me too many years to racket my way out of the God-forsaken mess of compromise and frustration which I, in common with most people, have been obliged to endure as a substitute for life. My chief rackets were advertising and real estate. There are other rackets, of course, and they are all full of wolf-traps: raises in exchange for "loyalty"; bonuses for babies; discounts on the purchase of expensive and useless gadgets; the "expected" thing in the way of dress, living arrangements, paying the other fellow's check in the speakeasy, social conformity in general.

It is not enough to be a healthy, unsentimental wolf. One must cherish one's olfactory nerves; one must know a trap when one smells a trap; one must cultivate a taste for simple, animal rations—iron rations if necessary. Finally, one must have a cheerful contempt for the Joneses, especially the literary and artistic Joneses. That, in my opinion, is the best way to mortise the quotation marks off that word "intellectual" and improve the quality of beer—to the extent, at least, of not crying into it. What do I mean by "iron rations"? I mean a house and a patch of ground in the country that rents for $15 a month. I mean a total monthly expenditure by a man and woman of $125. That's liberal, not radical. Thoreau, a radical, if alive today, would jeer at such extravagance.

The skyscrapers of New York and elsewhere are full of wolves, real and fake, but most of them live too high. Their lives are part and parcel of the amorphous, gadget-cluttered chaos which they denounce in conversation and in print. I knew a real one who, if he had lived a little longer, might have lived long enough to give America some important music. He worked in an advertising agency by day, planning campaigns, "contacting" clients and writing copy and radio script. At night he wrote music. He was genuinely obsessed. Night after night he worked until three and four o'clock in the morning; incidentally, he wouldn't tolerate

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a radio within a block of him. Musical Maecenases found him difficult; he was, in fact, entirely uncompromising in everything that related to his art. He had a family from which he was separated. The family was expensive; he himself had simple tastes, but he ate well, drank well and paid through the nose to New York landlords. To pay for all this he had to earn about fifteen thousand dollars a year. About two months ago he died suddenly, of overwork and nothing else, leaving his best work uncompleted.

Why do so many of our arrived artists and writers—people who hold radical and liberal views, who have done serious work and are capable of doing more serious work—why do these people write and paint tripe in order to pay for the sort of not-life which Thoreau spent most of his brief years avoiding?

Ask them and they get mad. They say they have to, which is rot. Their conversation is very "intellectual." Their lives frequently seem moronic.

On my table as I write this is a copy of "Walden," and over my shoulder peers the quizzical face of the gaunt Yankee who so gloriously lived what he wrote and wrote what he lived. At this point he raises a warning hand.

"Don't try to reform anybody. Don't, in the name of Nature, try to do anybody any good."

The criticism, I fear, is just. Very well, then, I yield the floor to a truly great American.

> I went to the woods [says Thoreau] because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and to see if I could learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.

That was a hundred years ago, but have the issues changed so greatly? Of course, there is the machine, the mechanization of life; that is the great modern alibi; it is the machine which makes our "intellectuals" cry into their beer.

But Thoreau, too, faced the machine. Of the Lowell textile mills he observed caustically that "the principal object is, not that mankind may be well and honestly clad, but, unquestionably, that the corporation may be enriched."

The observation has been repeated endlessly for the past century. But Thoreau was not content merely to write about the machine. He did something about it. He went into the woods. He even threw the chairs out of his shack because they were too much trouble—they interfered with life. Thoreau was no evangelist. He did not proselytize. When he went into the woods, he invited nobody to follow him, and nobody did. He was a crank, people said, and the nineteenth century pretty well forgot him.

Today he is being increasingly remembered. That tough style of his has proved extraordinarily viable, and the "transcendental economist," as Parrington called him, is an excellent comrade for one's speculative excursions. Between the lines of "Walden" one's thought flickers to our current economic and social dilemma. One wonders if our fear-stricken, racket-infested, fake-paralyzed society is not merely the cumulative result of several generations of life evasion, especially on the part of the intellectual minority whose function, essential to the preservation of a civilization, should be the persistent search for, and assertion of, values, not merely in words, but in action.

"To be a philosopher," wrote Thoreau, "is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life not only theoretically, but practically."

How Thoreau would have laughed at the recent pronouncement of our President in which, after confessing the helplessness of the State, he urges his people to cultivate fortitude as we enter a new Valley Forge! Behold America, all dressed up with machinery, a wheat surplus, houses and whatnot, but with no place to go. So we as a people sit down on the nearest curbstone and bellow like a frantic, ungrown, characterless child.

Why do we do this? Perhaps it is because we, as a people, have had, and have, no leadership, not enough intellectuals; or to put it more accurately, such intellectuals as we have don't mean it. Is it possible to take them seriously until they at least take themselves and their own lives seriously? Keeping up with the Joneses, even if one runs backwards, shouting protests the while, is not being serious. Crying into one's beer is not being serious.

The machine is not a sufficient alibi. The machines, the political and economic mechanisms, are secondary. Back of them are people; and when a people is corrupted, as Henry George pointed out fifty years ago, tinkering with mechanisms doesn't matter—the civilization is done for.

Recently a printer-poet visited New York for the first time, coming from a small city in the Middle West. I derived more instruction from his behavior during the two days of his visit than from anything I have read in a long time.

After a brief look at the Empire State Building, he ducked into the subway and quite literally stayed there for almost the entire two days of his visit. At dinner, on the evening of his departure, his New York friends asked why.

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"I figured it out this way," explained Jack. "Those skyscrapers—you see one and you've seen 'em all—that's right, ain't it? And who built the skyscrapers? The guys with mortar on their pants you see in the subway. Back of all this stuff is people. You see 'em all in the subway, and they can't get away from you. That little dressed-up Jew—he runs the motion-picture theatre. And the fat guy with the spats—he runs the bank. I seen it all, I tell you. Once I got out at the Battery, but the people went by me so fast I couldn't see 'em, so I went back in. I've had a fine time, and I'm much obliged to all you people."

"But Jack," expostulated his host, "you haven't told us much. After this worm's-eye view of the eight-million, what do you think of them?"

Jack hesitated, while truth fought with courtesy. Truth won out.

"Not much," he said. Nobody laughed. Jack is not just an original. He is a good printer and a good poet. What he says is worth listening to. He had rendered honest judgment and was embarrassed. Something should be added, he thought, to ease the situation.

"The beer," murmured Jack, "is wonderful."

"The hell it is," replied his host. "How about the print shop at the —— agency. You saw that, didn't you?"

Jack's face lighted up. "Wonderful! Those babies have got everything in the world to do with." His face clouded. "And the s. o. b.'s don't do nothing with it."

JAMES RORTY.

The Freight-Car Case

Not since the Sacco-Vanzetti case has any question concerning justice in the American courts received so much attention both in the United States and abroad, as the "Scottsboro case" involving eight young Negroes sentenced to death for alleged assaults upon two young white women. In the following article Edmund Wilson describes the circumstances of the alleged crime and of the subsequent trial.—THE EDITORS.

CHATTANOOGA, Tennessee: old low sordid Southern brick buildings, among which a few hotels, insurance companies and banks have expanded into big modern bulks as if with sporadic effort; business streets that suddenly lapse into nigger cabins; a surrounding wilderness of mills that manufacture fifteen-hundred different articles, from locomotives to coffins and snuff; and a vast smudge of nigger dwellings—six Negroes to one white in Chattanooga. "Hell's Half-Acre" in the mill district is a place people don't dare go at night; it is calculated that among the niggers there is an average of a murder a day. In Chattanooga, the manufacturers, enslaving the Negro almost as completely as the planters did before the Civil War, have kept him in his African squalor and produced a super-squalor of Southern slackness mixed with factory grime.

The night of March 24, two white girls from Huntsville, Alabama, came into Chattanooga on a box-car. According to the testimony of one of them at the trial in which they afterwards figured, they had some boys along; and according to the general report they were well known to be prostitutes. It is alleged that they had been in the habit of living in the Negro quarters and that one of them had not long before been arrested for "hugging" a Negro on the street. Victoria Price represented herself as having been married twice; Ruby Bates said she had never been married. They both dipped snuff.

The girls said that they had spent that night at the house of a woman they knew in Chattanooga. They left about 10:45 the next morning on a freight-train bound for Memphis, traveling in a low roofless car known as a "gondola": the gondola was about two-thirds full of gravel. The girls had bobbed hair and wore overalls. In the same car were about half a dozen white boys.

At Stevenson, Alabama, just across the state line, about twenty colored boys got in and scattered through the train. They were a miscellaneous lot of hoboes—like the white boys and the girls, from the bottom layer of that far-southern society. Only one of the nine afterwards arrested was able even to write his name. Some of them said they were on their way to Memphis to look for jobs on the river boats. In some cases, they were friends traveling together; in others, they did not know each other.

What happened on the train is uncertain. Apparently one of the white boys, walking along the top of a box-car, stumbled over one of the Negroes and threatened to throw him off the train. At any rate, ill feeling was created and presently the colored boys came trooping down into the gondola. One of them had a gun and another a knife, and the white boys were outnumbered. Some kind of fight evidently took place and the white boys either jumped off or were put off the train—all except one who slipped down between the cars, was rescued by one of the Negroes and stayed on.

The group who had been put off were furious and one of them had a cut head. This boy went to the nearest railroad station and told the telegrapher that the niggers had tried to murder them; and the telegrapher, very indignant, telephoned ahead to have the niggers taken off the train.

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So that when the train arrived at Paint Rock, the sheriff and a band of deputies boarded the train and arrested nine of the boys. The others had disappeared. The Negroes supposed at first that they were being arrested for bumming a ride. One boy was found in an empty car, where he said he had been riding by himself ever since the train left Chattanooga. Four others had been traveling on an oil car and said that, though there had been some sort of disturbance along the train, they hadn't known what it was about. It seems reasonable to suppose that, if any violence had occurred, the boys responsible had escaped from the train. The one with the pistol was never found. And the authorities could find no evidence of foul play beyond the cut head of the boy who had complained.

But there were the two white girls alone on the train with a gang of niggers. The authorities demanded of the girls whether the niggers hadn't attacked them and the girls at first denied it. But under pressure of repeated questioning and prompting, they confessed that they had been raped. The doctor who examined the girls found proof that they had been having sexual intercourse, but no reason to conclude that they had been roughly handled except one small bruise on one of them which might equally well have been caused by traveling on gravel.

The boys were put in jail at Paint Rock, but when a mob gathered and threatened to lynch them, they were removed to the town of Gadsden. In their cells, they went mad with fury—yelled wildly and beat on the doors and tore up their beds and bedding. They told their lawyers that they had been led from their cells at Gadsden by a lieutenant of the National Guard, then handcuffed in pairs and clubbed by people brought in from the streets. On April 6 they were put on trial at Scottsboro, Alabama, the county seat of Jackson County.

A few days before the trial, The Chattanooga News had expressed itself as follows:

> How much farther apart than night and day are the nine men who perpetrated those frightful deeds and a normal, kind-hearted man who guards his little family and toils through the day, going home to loved ones at night with a song in his heart. How is it possible that in the vesture of man can exist souls like those nine, while others in the vesture of man can dream such beauty as Keats dreamed, or can paint as did Raphael?

And The Scottsboro Progressive Age congratulated "the people of Jackson County upon their conduct during the past few days when their patience and chivalry were severely taxed. If ever there was an excuse for taking the law into their own hands, surely this was one."

At any rate, the fifteen thousand or so inhabitants of Scottsboro and the hillbillies of the surrounding countryside have ordinarily very little excitement and it was a long time since anything had come their way like nine niggers accused of rape. The day of the trial was celebrated like a festival: it was also fair day and horse-trading day. There were about ten thousand people in Scottsboro. The poor whites had come in with their guns prepared to slaughter the boys then and there and were only prevented by the state militia, who guarded the courthouse with drawn bayonets, tear-gas bombs and machine-guns. What with the bugle-music of changing guard, the brass band from the local hosiery mill playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" and a parade of twenty-eight Ford trucks with a phonograph and amplifier at the head, organized by an enterprising agent who had seized the occasion to stimulate slow sales, the town was in a delirium of gaiety.

In the meantime, inside the courthouse, Ruby Bates and Virginia Price were testifying that the colored boys had held them down in the gondola and raped them: each had been raped by exactly six. The white boy who had remained in the car corroborated their testimony to the extent of asserting that he had seen the Negroes have intercourse with the girls, and three of the Negroes testified that they had seen other Negroes attack the girls —though they afterwards told the lawyers that they had been induced to do this by the court officials, who had promised to have them let off if they did. The other white boys had either fled or been told to disappear, as they were never produced.

Eight of the boys were immediately found guilty and sentenced to death in the electric chair. At the announcement of the first two verdicts, the brass band struck up outside and the crowd enthusiastically applauded. Only the youngest boy—fourteen (the oldest was only twenty)—got off with a mistrial. On account of his youth, the prosecutor had asked in his case for life imprisonment. Yet, notwithstanding this clemency of the state, eight of the jury demanded electrocution. One of the other boys had also said originally that he was fourteen, but apparently as a result of threats or violence, later asserted that he was nineteen. It had been feared that he would get off with the penitentiary.

It had been an excessively difficult matter to get anyone to defend the boys. Each of the seven lawyers who composed the Scottsboro bar had been assigned in turn to the defendants and all except one had gotten out of it. A Mr. Wimbley, an attorney for the Alabama Power Company, is said to have remarked that the Power Company had enough juice to burn all nine of the defendants. The only person who was willing to take their case even to preserve the formal decency of the law was Mr. Milo C. Moody. Mr. Moody is, from all reports, by way of being the town heretic. He has never hesitated to take up unpopular positions, but he is old now and in competition with the brass band and the Ford agent's amplifier, was not able to do much for his clients.

In the meantime, however, the Scottsboro case had attracted the attention of an intelligent Negro

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doctor in Chattanooga, Dr. P. A. Stephens. Dr. Stephens brought it to the attention of the Interdenominational Alliance of Colored Ministers and they raised the inadequate sum of $50.08 and appealed to Mr. Stephen R. Roddy, a Chattanooga attorney, to defend the nine boys. Mr. Roddy is young and conventional—yet not so conventional that he wasn't willing, on the offer of very modest remuneration, to go down to Scottsboro to see whether anything could be done. When he appeared in the courtroom, Judge Hawkins hastened to announce that if Mr. Roddy would conduct the defense, the Scottsboro bar would be released. Mr. Roddy replied, however, that he had been merely sent by the colored ministers to observe. Fresh from getting through the crowd and the guard and with the music of the brass band in his ears, he decided that there was no hope for a postponement and, a member of the Tennessee bar, he was unfamiliar with Alabama procedure. He asked to be associated with Mr. Moody in the defense. At the end of the trials, he put on the stand the commander of the National Guard and one of the court officials and had them testify that the ovation which followed the announcement of the first two verdicts was so loud that the other jurors couldn't have failed to overhear it.

But Dr. Stephens and the colored ministers were not the only people interested in the Scottsboro case. The Communists had recently been active in Chattanooga and on February 10 three of them had been arrested for attempting to hold a street demonstration. They were tried during the last week of March and all found guilty of violating the Sedition Statute, a law which, dating originally from 1796, had never before been applied, construed or noticed during the whole hundred and thirty-five years of Tennessee's history. A motion for a new trial, however, was made, and on April 18 Judge Lusk of the criminal court, in an opinion which, handed down in the state which had declared the illegality of the teaching of evolution in the schools, might serve as a model to the courts of New York, set aside the verdict of the jury and granted the defendants a new trial. He pointed out that the defendants had been arrested before they had had a chance to make any subversive speeches and that in any case "membership in the Communist party and adherence to its principles" had been "recognized as lawful" by the inclusion of its candidates in the Tennessee ballots. "This case," Judge Lusk concluded, "has given the Court much concern. As a lover of the institutions of this state and nation, I look with deep concern upon the activities of subversive agitators of every sort. But, in meeting these movements, we must demonstrate our superiority to them by keeping, ourselves, within the law. The best way, in my judgment, to combat Communism, or any other movement inimical to our institutions, is to show, if we can, that the injustices which they charge against us are, in fact, nonexistent."

In the meantime the Communists in Chattanooga had heard about the arrest of the nine Negroes and had gone down to Scottsboro the day of the trial. One of the principal aims of the American Communists at the present time is to enlist the support of the Southern Negroes. In the "Thesis and Resolutions for the Seventh National Convention of the Communist Party of the United States," held in March-April, 1930, the following policy is emphatically laid down:

> The building and the work of the party cannot be effective without a serious change in its attitude and practices in regard to the work among the Negro masses and the transformation of passivity and underestimation into active defense and leadership of the struggles of the Negro masses. The party must be made to express in energetic action its consciousness that a revolutionary struggle of the American workers for power is impossible without revolutionary unity of the Negro and white proletariat. To achieve this unity and to win for Communist leadership also the masses of Negro workers, the party must root out all traces of a formal approach to Negro work. . . . The influence of white chauvinism is still felt in the party and has recently manifested itself in St. Louis (opposition in the fraction to a correct Bolshevik line on Negro work). . . . Also wrong, however, is the tendency, displayed by some Negro comrades (which they have since corrected more or less completely) to surrender to the propaganda of the Negro bourgeoisie and petty-bourgeois intellectuals of race-hatred directed against all whites without distinction of class.
>
> Protest against the special oppression to which Negroes are subjected must take the form of intensive political campaigns and mass organization to fight against lynching. Negro workers and farmers persecuted on the basis of race discrimination must be accepted and treated as class-struggle victims. . . .
>
> The party must openly and unreservedly fight for the right of Negroes for self-determination in the South, where Negroes comprise a majority of the population. . . . As the Negro liberation movement develops, it will, in the territories and states with a majority of Negro population, take more and more the form of a struggle against the rule of the white bourgeoisie, for self-determination. . . .
>
> Unless our Negro program is concretized and energetically pushed, the work of our party in winning the majority of the working class will be fruitless in the North as well as in the South.

The Communists assigned to Chattanooga, therefore, seized upon the Scottsboro case as an ideal instrument for realizing this program. The first thing that they did was to get their defense organization, the International Labor Defense, to send Judge Hawkins a telegram which irritated and amazed him, in which they described the cases against the Negroes as a "frame-up" and a "legal lynching" and told the Judge they would "hold him responsible." Then, after the trial, the I. L. D. went to Mr. Roddy and asked him to undertake an energetic and spectacular defense. According to Mr. Roddy, they went through all the gestures

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of taking him up into a high place and showing him the kingdoms of the earth. They told him he had the opportunity of becoming a national figure, a second Clarence Darrow—a dream, one gathers, entirely alien to Mr. Roddy's ambitions. He asked how they proposed to pay him. They explained that they would raise the money by holding meetings among the Negroes and getting them to contribute to a defense fund. This idea seemed distasteful to Mr. Roddy—and the I. L. D. representatives had begun to arouse his suspicions: one of them, who had said he was a lawyer, had in the course of a discussion of the trials, inquired whether the defendants had been "arraigned" yet. Mr. Roddy refused to have anything to do with the International Labor Defense.

The I. L. D. next went to the attorney who had so efficiently defended the arrested Communists. Mr. George W. Chamlee is quite a different type from Mr. Roddy. A shrewd lawyer and a clever man, humorous, worldly-wise, deep in the politics of the state and able to see every side of every question, he is by way of being a local character: he works by himself, forms his own opinions and pursues his own ends, and is not infrequently found in opposition to the conventional elements of the community. Some years ago, he made himself conspicuous by defending street-car strikers; and he has represented both radicals and Negroes when it would have been difficult to get another Chattanooga lawyer to take their cases. At the same time, as a candidate for office, he has undoubtedly derived political support both from the Negroes and from organized labor. And on the other hand, he once scored an equal triumph by getting off a group of Tennesseans convicted of a lynching whose cases had been appealed to the supreme court. At the recent trial of the Communist agitators, when the prosecutor attempted to make much of the fact that the defendants were avowedly in favor of the overthrow of the government and had foresworn loyalty to the American flag, Mr. Chamlee reminded him that both their grandfathers, having fought in the Civil War, had repudiated the federal government and professed allegiance to the flag of the Confederacy.

Following the local custom, the Communist papers give Mr. Chamlee the title of "General"; but he has never been a general in the military sense: he was attorney general of Tennessee for eight years. In the last Democratic primaries he ran for renomination against Mr. Roddy, the Democratic county chairman. Both were defeated by a third candidate, but Mr. Roddy got more votes than Mr. Chamlee—and it may be that political rivalries have contributed to the antagonisms which have developed in the course of the Scottsboro case.

At any rate, the situation has been complicated by another element. Dr. Stephens had been approached by the International Labor Defense and he had at first coöperated with them. But their obvious tone of propaganda had, he says, aroused his suspicions and he and the colored ministers had finally broken off relations with them. Dr. Stephens had written for advice and information to the headquarters in New York of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the result was that two entirely separate and mutually hostile defense campaigns got under way.

Precisely what is the history of the split between the N. A. A. C. P. and the I. L. D. it is difficult to find out. But its underlying causes are sufficiently plain. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is a nonpolitical organization, which, under the leadership of Mr. Walter White, has in many cases been admirably successful in protecting the legal rights of Negroes. In the Arkansas riot cases of 1925, where seventy-nine Negro share-croppers and tenant farmers, who had attempted to sue their landlords for money due them, had been charged with insurrection and condemned either to long prison terms or to death, the N.A.A.C.P. fought the verdicts and caused the Supreme Court to reverse its decision (made in the Leo Frank case) and to hold that if it could be shown that a trial had been dominated by the fear of a mob, the conviction could be overruled. The N.A.A.C.P. works quietly and by conventional methods. Its general tendency is to encourage the Negroes to approximate to white respectability, so that they may compete in the same fields and claim the same rights. The aims of the Communists have been indicated. The rupture between the two organizations was inevitable—as it seems to have been inevitable between the International Labor Defense and the American Civil Liberties Union after Gastonia—as it seems to be inevitable at the present stage wherever Communists and bourgeois liberals attempt to work together. Whatever the immediate occasion of the break, the result invariably seems to be that the liberals end by accusing the Communists of disingenuous or jesuitical tactics, of diverting money raised for special defense funds to Communist propaganda, of prejudicing their particular causes by waving the red flag too openly and of being willing and even eager to make martyrs to provide atrocities for The Daily Worker and The Labor Defender and so inflame the class-consciousness of their public; while the Communists, on their side, accuse the liberals of insincerity or timidity, of sacrificing their causes by sticking too closely to the conventional machinery and trusting to the fair play of capitalist courts, of being unwilling to deal with fundamentals for fear of antagonizing the rich persons or foundations who subsidize them and of attempting to mislead the proletariat as to the latter's interests in order to safeguard their own bourgeois positions.

William Pickens, the colored secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., began by endorsing the efforts of the I.L.D. He wrote a letter to The Daily Worker in which he asserted that "the only ultimate salva-

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tion for black and white workers" was "in their united defense, one of the other." It was not long, however, before he had taken the position—in conformity with the official policy of the N.A.A.C.P.—that the Communists were ruining the boys' chances by adding anti-Red prejudice to race prejudice; while the Communists were denouncing Mr. Roddy as a member of the Ku Klux Klan who had done his best to help "the Southern boss lynchers railroad the boys to the electric chair" and Mr. White as a betrayer of the Negro, who would never have come into the case at all if the rank and file of his organization had not insisted on it and who was now in it not to save the victims but merely to connive with the authorities by getting their sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

Mr. Pickens and Mr. White went to Scottsboro and Chattanooga on their own account and took steps to engage new counsel. A ludicrous and pathetic contest began between the Communists and the N.A.A.C.P. to get the parents of the sentenced boys to endorse their respective organizations and to authorize their respective lawyers to defend them. The N.A.A.C.P. accused the Communists of having carried off certain members of the families of the defendants and of keeping them in hiding so that nobody else could get at them; and the Communists charged the N.A.A.C.P. with having induced the Negroes to sign statements which they couldn't read and which had never been read to them. Before the motion for a new trial had been made, the bewildered prisoners and their relations had been persuaded to sign and repudiate a variety of documents. The Communists, who were counting on the case as a crucial stroke in their campaign to win the Negroes, labored particularly hard over the families of the boys. They brought two of the mothers to New York and had them speak at the meetings which they were now holding there and elsewhere, South, North, East and West, in their effort to raise funds and recruit Communists. One of them, returning to Chattanooga, wrote to her late entertainers as follows:

> Well I sure miss you all but I was just homesick. I'm sorry I was that way, but after all I love the Reds. I can't be treated any better than the Reds has treated me. And I am a Red too. I tell the white and I tell the black I am not getting back of nothing else. I mean to be with you all as long as I live. . . . Well, I am looking for you to come to see me like you said. You can't realize how highly I appreciate the kindness you all did for me. . . . I hope next time I be to see you all I will be less worried. I never stayed away from my family that long for I think my children don't get along without me. . . . Give all the Reds my love for I love them all.
>
> My daughter Sybil says she thanks you all for the kindness you did for me and she works only two days a week and anything she can do on her spare days she will be glad to do so. Will close now.
>
> From one of the Reds, Janie Patterson.

Another of the mothers wrote as follows:

> My dear friend, organ of the League of Struggle for Negro Rights. This is Azie Powell's mother. I was away from home at the time those men was out to see me. I was out trying to collect some money what a man owes me to defend for my boy. . . .
>
> From birth I has work hard plowing, farming by myself for a living for my children. Have had no help supporting them. So sorry, deeply sorry to my heart that my boy was framed up in this. I am almost crazy, can't eat, can't sleep, just want to work all the time, so weak I don't see how I can stand much longer. Living on the will of the Lord. . . .
>
> Azie was raised on a farm, he was born on a farm, got one little girl seven years of age already has heart trouble. Have two boys, two girls in all with no father assisting. Poor me, poor me, so burdened down with trouble, if I could only see my baby Azie once more. Lord have mercy on my poor boy in Birmingham. My boy is only fourteen, will be fifteen November 10.
>
> Poor me, worked hard every day of my life, can't make a living hardly to save my life. . . .
>
> From Josephine Powell, Atlanta, Ga.
>
> P. S.—Not knowing what to say or what to do for the best.

The Communists held mass meetings and parades, had a demonstration in Harlem broken up by the police, protested to the President, sent ninety-some telegrams to the Governor and organized an "All-Southern Conference" at Chattanooga, at which the Communist leaders were arrested.

Two parties appeared among the Negroes: those who were persuaded by the arguments of the Communists or were excited by Communism as a new form of revivalism (the meetings were often held in churches) and those who, from conservatism, willingness to mind their place or prudence about keeping on the safe side of the whites, were opposed to the Communist agitation. In one case, a married woman named Bessie Ball, who had attended a Communist meeting with the man who lived next door and had been elected a delegate to the All-Southern Conference, was beaten up when she got home by her husband, who had heeded the counsels of the respectable Negro preachers. When his daughter had him arrested the next day, the judge congratulated him on his conduct and advised him to use a shotgun on the Reds and call the police if they gave him any trouble. The wife was fined $10 and the house of the man next door was raided and he and his mother arrested, but afterwards released. When the latter couple got back home, they were visited by their neighbor, Mr. Ball, who had just been given *carte blanche* by the court: Mr. Ball, finding a copy of The Liberator, the Negro Communist paper, proceeded to tear it up. When the Communist mother protested, he hit her over the head with a wooden block. Later, he shot at the son with the shotgun prescribed by the judge. Both were arrested again on charges of felonious assault with intent to kill. Mr. Ball was soon released, but the Communist kept in jail.

On May 14, Robert Minor complained in The

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Daily Worker that "one of the most serious mass campaigns that the party has ever undertaken" had, in spite of success at agitation, not succeeded in organizing "a united front from the bottom—a united front of the rank and file masses of Negro people and black and white workers." He outlined a more energetic program and ended by calling upon "every District and every Section and Unit to throw itself with full strength and devotion into this campaign, which can very well prove to be an epoch-making one in the struggle of the Negro masses and the working class."

The more docile Negroes were scared: Negroes were practically never to be found on freight-trains any more and white people in Scottsboro said they almost had to shake hands with their servants every morning in order to persuade them that they meant them no harm. The white Southerners, of course, resented both the Communists and the N.A.A.C.P. as interference in their affairs from the North. On one occasion, The Jackson County Sentinel announced that they would "have no editorial this week on the 'Negro Trial' matter. We just couldn't do one without getting mad as hell." "The International Labor Defense of New Yawk and Rusha" had told them that they "must have Negro jurors on any jury trying the blacks if they are to get 'their rights'. A Negro juror in Jackson County would be a curiosity—and some curiosities are embalmed, you know."

A change of venue to another county was first promised by the Court, then denied. A hearing on motions for new trials was set for June 5. Mr. Roddy, Mr. Chamlee and Mr. Joseph Brodsky, an I.L.D. attorney, all appeared in court. Some of the jurors were cross-examined with a view to making them admit that they had been aware of the brass band and the demonstration outside during the trials and Mr. Chamlee filed a motion for new trials, asserting that the indictments were vague and mentioned no exact facts or dates; that bias had been present in the case; that the defendants had had no chance to employ counsel; that the jury had been prejudiced and had included no Negroes; that the defense were in possession of newly discovered evidence; that it had been impossible at the trials to question Virginia Price as to whether or not she practised prostitution; that the Negroes at the time they were arrested had displayed no consciousness of guilt; that the state had failed to produce the white boys; that there must originally have been on the train from fifteen to eighteen colored boys and that if any crime had been committed, there was no certainty it had not been committed by the boys who had gotten away; that the ride from Stevenson to Paint Rock could only have taken forty or fifty minutes and that it would have been impossible for a fight and twelve rapes to take place in so short a time.

The hearing was the occasion in Scottsboro for another popular demonstration. Mr. Chamlee brought a bodyguard along and Mr. Brodsky was kept in the building for two or three hours after the hearing was over until the crowd outside had dispersed. Judge Hawkins, who has to depend for his reëlection on the voters of Jackson County, denied the motions for new trials.

The defense will appeal the case to the supreme court of Alabama and, if they are unsuccessful, will appeal it to the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the meantime, the Communists in Alabama had continued to work at their program. The Negro share-croppers were miserably paid and the Communists stimulated them to organize. On July 16, the Share-Croppers' Union held a meeting in a church at Camp Hill of which one of the objects was to protest over the Scottsboro case. A white posse came to break it up and as a result the sheriff was shot, a Negro picket was shot and killed, four Negroes disappeared and thirty-four were arrested on charges which range from carrying concealed weapons to conspiring to commit a felony.

Theodore Dreiser has lent his name to a committee to raise funds for the I.L.D. in connection with the Scottsboro case and a German committee has recently been organized with the names of Einstein, Thomas Mann and Lion Feuchtwanger.

Whatever happened in that open freight-car in broad daylight on a heap of gravel, Ruby Bates and Virginia Price would never have made any trouble about it. The complaint of one white boy has sent it across the world. And for Einstein, Dreiser and Mann in their studies, the kind of differences which exist between one race of people and another seem as negligible as they do to the most ignorant, the least fastidious types of our civilization who have no social position, even the meanest, to keep up. Between them lie all those planes of humanity where the antagonism between hoboes in a freight-car bursts empires and lays commonwealths waste.

EDMUND WILSON.

Cadence to Walking in the Afternoon

There is a silent wind abroad. Not Auster nor Apeliota
Nor Boreas nor Favonius knows its blowing.
It is of all the seasons and all directions,
And neither dull steel nor stone nor gold withstands it.

It has borne down the bright triremes beneath the waters,
And swept the Olympian tower from an empty hill.
Its dust is the passion, its litter the dreams of the forgotten.

It is eternal and falters neither by night nor day.

It has blown all the leaves of gold and silver
Out of the bending forest of my mind. I have seen them go
Like tinsel birds swept crumpling into the void.

It has a long time played with the old men yonder,
And suddenly dropped them, whirling a little and rustling
Along these benches, along the sunny curb
Like drifts of withered leaves.

H. BONER.

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Texas Lights

I: Game Warden

I HAVE already taken my place in the car that was to fetch me to the dude ranch, when I see X——. He happened to be passing and has seen me, he says, as he comes up alongside and springs to the ground. I see that "TEXAS GAME WARDEN" is painted in white on his automobile. Nothing will do but that I must change and let him take me to the ranch; it is only sixteen miles, he says, and he's got to be running around here and there anyway, it's part of his job.

When I was in this country last, X—— kept horses and made a business of conducting hunting parties, campers and amateur explorers. Before that he had been a cowboy, and then with the army in France. I remember his telling me once how they put him at the head of a lot of cavalry fellows who had 1,800 old skillet-footed horses; you could just imagine them, he said, in a charge. He had been at and seen the front, and he knew how sometimes you had to come on back to where you started, and had to do it quick. So he said to the colonel that they'd better let him do some training with that crew, and the colonel told him to go ahead. First he took the front shoes off the horses and drove them up and down those hard French roads till their feet were a little sore; then he trained them to halt on their hind legs, as the cow-horses do—you've got to be nothing short of an acrobat to stay on with horses stopping as those did. So they gave the order to charge, and everything dashed ahead; it was as good as a race to that herd. But you could halt and turn at least, and so they got back. The colonel said to X—— that it seemed to him he took a lot of interest in that turnin' idea, and X—— said, "Well, sir, I notice right often a man ain't stayin' in exactly the same spot."

After he came home again, X—— said, he thought of staying on a dude ranch, till the young ladies got to matching colors on him. One day one of them said, "No, I don't want this horse." "What's the matter," he said, "you liked him yesterday, and I've assigned him to you." "I don't care," she said, "I got my black boots today and this black belt with the white suit, and I want a black horse," "Aye God," he said, at that rate he'd have to keep four horses for every lady, a white, a black, a roan and a gray, and before you knew it they'd be askin' for a blue one. That was enough dude ranching for him.

But he must say, X—— goes on, the gamest and best lot of young ladies he ever put on horses was the Ziegfeld girls—that, of course, was when he worked a ranch just out of San Antonio. They were all bound and determined every single one of them, to ride on the ranch, the cowboy idea, so he brought them out. You hear a lot about what beauties the Ziegfeld girls are. They weren't so pretty, but they were mighty well built. Some of them had their bathing suits on to ride. You'd be surprised to see how they stuck to the horse, right off. And it was a funny thing: Jake had been helping them on one after another, starting them off; and then all of a sudden when he turned to help one on, he saw her in a bathing suit. Old Jake said, "Say, this is hard on a poor cowboy!" There was one thing; no matter how the horse cut around, the girl every time kept her seat. It seemed as if she'd just sway about from her waist with the horse, without ever budging in her saddle or slipping. He thought of that that night when he saw them dance, and this made him think more of the dancing somehow.

This year X—— is a game warden and, though some of his hunts are on horseback, he is forever riding about in the automobile. This has put fat on him, he is somewhat heavier than he used to be; but his eyes are as clear and honest and blinking as ever, watching every inch of life as he goes, and seeing a sign in what you say or what you don't say, or pinning down some point in a movie, a story, a chance turn in the conversation, in square-dealing, in pretense, where most people would miss it. The voice is still impish and kind. The vain feet in their boots, magnificent as the conquistadors, are still light and busy.

The trouble with New York, X—— says, turning to me when I have answered his question about our city and the amazing news of it that the papers carry, the trouble with New York is they got the wrong system. They ought to take each one of the superintendents of the police, the heads of the force, and pay him about $30,000 a year. This would mean that it was a job worth having and worth keeping, and that being the case, you wouldn't be chancing it for a triflin' bribe here and there. If there's rottenness farther down, the heads are bound to know it; if you had heads paid like that, they'd see to it the whole thing would go straight. Look at how it is down here in this country along the Rio Grande. There is less bootlegging and smuggling than on any border in the United States. What happens, exactly, is that you take these old cowboys been getting $40 a month, and $175 a month looks like big money to them. Not long ago he was searching a car for game and came across a big bottle of liquor, and said, "Look here, you chaps better get busy and drink this stuff up, before one of these revenue officers gets hold of you." Could they buy him off, they said, give him money? "You better not try it," he said, and their faces fell. The last he saw of them was when he looked back and they were all gathered in a ring and passing that bottle.

"You take one of these fellows down here who's an officer. If he's seen going into some sort of drinking place or let him go across the border for a drink, more'n once or twice a year, and you'll hear people talking about him; and he ain't got no notion of losin' a job with that much money to it. A handful of men keeps this whole country pretty straight. Besides, everybody knows some of them just likes to shoot. They don't bother you to run or explain nothing."

X—— has never liked to hunt; growing up with animals it's not much fun to kill them. But he likes to hunt hunters. He tells me that in the United States last year the total number of game wardens killed was more than the number of revenue officers. Of course, it's easy to mistake a warden for a stag when you want to, he says. Then, too, there's the kind of man that just gets mad. X—— himself has never been shot at so far. Sometimes he catches a guy who tries to get smart, and that has to be settled; and there have been a few, mostly prominent citizens, who threatened him, and raised their Winchesters; but they seemed to change their minds. Of course, you never know, however, when some old buck's just

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going to want to lean around a pine trunk and shoot.

X—— tells me about a movie he's been in, have I seen it in New York? The company came out here to run some scenes on the ranch. There were not many of them, most of the actors were old cowboys from around this country. They had to have a heroine in it, of course, so there was the leading lady, as ugly an old girl as you ever saw in your life. Of course she looked better in the picture, but that wasn't it. It was a sight to see the cowboys acting. One of them had to run and be shot by a Hollywood actor. Well, the guy fired and Ed tried to make it so realistic falling that he knocked his head against a rock and was laid out for sure, they had to bring him to. Now don't you know it was a sight when the cowboys saw the actors taking out their powderpuffs in the brush, the sun hot as blazes? It was one of the old-time Western movies where they perform a lot of deeds and do a lot of big riding, and have narrow escapes and save the heroine and all.

Finally after a while came the big scene, and they said he had to kiss the heroine, but he said he wasn't a-goin' to do that. Of course his wife said he was just tryin' to fool her, pretending he didn't kiss the lady when he had his hat up, that was how it finally was in the picture. They wanted him to do two things he wouldn't do; the other was to shoot a man in the back. He told 'em he was not going to do that either. But they said you had to, it was in the story. So finally he said all right, he was talkin' where he ought to be listenin', he reckoned; he'd do it. So he shot the fellow in the back. But he wouldn't kiss her.

STARK YOUNG.

The Paradigm

For when they meet, the tensile air
Like fine steel strains under the weight
Of messages that both hearts bear,
Pure passion once, now purest hate;

Till the taut air like a cold hand
Clasped to cold hand and bone to bone,
Seals them up in an icy land,
Their few square feet, where into stone

The two hearts turn; and swiftly pass
Once more their impenetrable world:
So fading each heart's looking-glass
Whose image is the surface hurled

By all the air; air, glass is not;
So is their fleeting enmity
Like a hard mirror crashed by what
The quality of air must be.

For in the air all lovers meet
After they've hated out their love:
Love's but the echo of retreat
Caught by the sunbeam stretched above

Their frozen exile from the earth,
And lost. Each is the other's crime—
This is their equity in birth,
And hate's their ignorant paradigm.

ALLEN TATE.

Washington Notes

Democratic Tom-toms—Giving Our President the Bird—The Martyred Chief—Campaign Plans

IT IS astonishing how much farther advanced politics is this year than usual. With no election anywhere this fall—except unimportant district ones to fill the eight vacancies caused by the deaths of Congressmen—with Congress not in session and the earliest presidential primary eight months off, one would think, during the summer at least, that politics would be in a static condition. However, in both the major parties there is unusual activity and an interest which manifests itself in a variety of ways. This, I imagine, is chiefly due to the fact that for the first time in sixteen years there seems something more than a mere hope of breaking the grip which the Grand Old Party of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover has fastened upon the government. In a new deal we shall not, perhaps, get any better cards but in any event we shall have a chance to shuffle them, which ought to help a little. This prospect, naturally, has imbued the Democrats with a vigor and determination such as they have not possessed since the days of Wilson. It is splendid to see them militant and aggressive, but there is some little danger lest they overplay their hand. This business of banging the tom-toms violently, eleven months ahead of the nomination and the framing of the platform, involves some risk of a loss of public attention just when it is most desired.

In this instance, the Democrats have such a good case, the Hoover administration is so extraordinarily vulnerable, the times are so ripe for a change and the country so badly in need of one, that I should hate to see the opportunity muffed by overzealous and underbalanced enthusiasts. The situation, as I see it, possesses a dual danger for the Democracy—first, in boring the public by too noisy and protracted a performance; second, by permitting the criticism of Hoover to become so violent and vituperative as to cause a reaction in his favor, which, considering his sins of omission and commission, would be a great pity. In this respect, I am presumptuous enough to offer some advice to the Democratic management. If I were it I should soft-pedal, for publicity purposes, the Caraways, Harrisons and McKellars, and play up the Wagners, the Glasses, the Hulls and Byrnes.

It seems to me good policy to play up the best rather than the poorest talent. The chances that the stuff will go stale would be minimized and the effect would be greater. Further, if I were on the managing end of the Democratic party, I should avoid giving circulation to such silly accusations against Hoover as the one contained in a recent anonymous volume and since seized upon and repeated by some of the more blatant of the Democratic spokesmen, to the effect that when in China Mr. Hoover's method of keeping down labor trouble was to chain a Chinese coolie to a stake in the sun.

If this sort of thing goes on unrestrained it will ultimately redound to Hoover's benefit and nullify the really fine work which the Democratic management has done in exhibiting to the country his gross inconsistencies and mis-

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takes and failures. For the Democrats to ruin what appears to be the sweetest situation they have had since 1912 by an excess of zeal upon the part of their propaganda division would be a rotten thing to happen at this stage of the proceedings. There will be six months of Congress prior to the national conventions and ample ammunition with which to keep the Hoover administration completely on the defensive.

All I am urging is that the hand should not be overplayed, and the advice, now that I am giving it, seems as good for the progressives as for the Democrats. I happen to know what I am talking about when I say that part of the Republican strategy in the next campaign is to exhibit the "Chief" in the role of a martyr, to picture him as a vilified and abused man, who has "stood strong and steady under the storm of misrepresentation and malice, steering the Ship of State back to the harbor of Prosperity."

This Chinese coolie stuff and similar outpourings play directly into the Republican hands, for it will not only help them in their efforts to divert public attention from Hoover's failures but it will also aid them in creating a picture of him as a victim of abuse and foul play. If they can get that idea over, it will go a long way toward obliterating the effects of the three years of Democratic campaign against him. It appears to me that the part of wisdom for the Democrats and progressives is to realize that the role of martyr is Hoover's one complete and effective answer to the general attack. Public sentiment is an unaccountable thing. It can run one way for a long while and then for some more or less trivial and unsound reason, quietly turn and run in the other direction just as swiftly.

In administration circles the planning for the campaign next year is actively under way. The White House politicians certainly believe in preparedness; and questions of convention detail, which one would think should not be considered until next spring, are already being discussed—and settled. I think I pointed out some weeks ago that the Fess-Lucas committee set-up, inept and unpopular as it is, probably will be continued through the campaign, though neither Mr. Fess nor Mr. Lucas will have much, if anything, to do with the strategy of the campaign. It will be mapped out and all important decisions made, I am informed, by Postmaster General Walter F. Brown of Ohio, and Mr. Raymond Benjamin of California. The first has Hoover's political confidence and is the real patronage distributor. It is he who has lined up the Southern delegations for the administration, and who picked Fess for chairman, an act of which he is now not exactly proud. Benjamin is the "mystery man," the personal friend of the President, who has an office at committee headquarters, but no official title, position or, so far as I can discover, salary. Nevertheless, he is closer to the "Chief" than anyone else attached to the committee and acts with the support of White House authority.

What interests me is that this little group of Republican managers has not only begun to consider names for a temporary and permanent chairman of the convention, but is on the hunt for the "right" man to place the "Chief" in nomination. This, it has been impressed upon them—I suppose by the "Chief" himself—is a very important selection indeed. What is wanted is a man who will say exactly the "right" things, who will not overdo it, but will be able to depict the President in a way not only to arouse enthusiasm in the convention but among the American people as well—no easy job, I should say.

I barely recall that in 1928 Mr. Hoover was nominated by one John L. McNab of San Francisco, a lawyer, a Stanford classmate and a close personal friend. I do not recall that Mr. McNab acquitted himself notably. Certainly he did not thrill the convention, and there is no thought of asking him to repeat. One of the administration advisers whispers that the President is "embarrassed" by the number of "candidates" who want the honor of naming him in the convention, which seems extraordinary to me, as I have never known of competition for this sort of thing a year in advance of the event. None the less it may be so, and I have heard at least one name mentioned in this connection—that of Henry Allen of Kansas, who for a brief period was the senatorial mouthpiece of the White House, but was defeated by a Democrat in Kansas last year. I know better speakers than Henry, but none who would put more earnestness and enthusiasm into renominating Mr. Hoover. Perhaps he will win the competition—but not with the vote of Mr. C. Curtis, Vice President.

Washington. T. R. B.

Redefinitions: II

This is the second of a series of articles by Kenneth Burke, the first having appeared in The New Republic of July 29. The series as a whole attempts to redefine some current issues of criticism, in the light of the thesis that form in literature may be defined as "the arousing and fulfillment of desires." In Mr. Burke's own words, "if an artist so arranges events A, B and C that the readers desire event D to follow, and if D does follow, this is form. Or again, if the artist, by writing in a certain manner, establishes a quality of expectation in the readers, leading them to require the continuation of this manner, his work contains form in so far as such expectations are gratified."

The third and last article in the series will be published in the near future.—THE EDITORS.

ART AND "LIFE."—The exhortation that the artist "deal with life" is confusing, particularly as it is hard to understand how he could deal with anything else. When applied to novels, the slogan seems to mean that the artist should give us characters which seem "lifelike," should show them doing things which seem "natural," and should tell his tale in a simple, running style which is unobtrusive and permits the reader to follow it unawares. Yet, however strongly critics insist that these be the traits of the novel, they are not the traits of lyric poetry, and thus are not always essential to the process of "dealing with life." The fact is that much of the world's greatest literature lacks the "lifelike" characters and the "natural" actions and the "conversational" manner which one can find, or thinks he can find, in even inferior fictions of the nineteenth century. To this extent, therefore, we may seem justified in interpreting the exhortation to "deal with life" as an exhortation to preserve certain conventions of nineteenth-century prose fiction.

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Other critics mean by the phrase "deal with life" that the artist should deal with specific "problems" of the day. Thus, we have the proletarian critic, who asks that the writer never close his eyes to labor disputes, slum conditions, political outrages, etc. "Dealing with life," by this system, usually contains all the requirements listed above, plus an attack upon the "evasiveness" of a writer who devotes himself, say, to historical idylls depicting the life of the cultured rich on Greek islands of antiquity. The proletarian critic will call such an idyll bourgeois literature of "escape." He will say that it is welcomed by bourgeois readers because the fantasy enables them to forget the harsh realities underlying their prosperity. Incidentally, in pursuing such a line of attack he overlooks entirely the effect which a "utopian" literature may have in sharpening a reader's dissatisfaction with the contemporary scene. For the very book that may serve a reader as an "evasion" while he is reading it, may make reality seem all the more repellent when he is not reading (psychoanalysis having led us to forget how, but a few years ago, the "escape" literature of love romances was condemned by educators, not because it enabled the readers to "accept" the world as it was, but because by contrast it made the facts of everyday life very unacceptable).

Underlying the proletarian attitude is the assumption that literature must be "useful," that it must serve to eradicate certain forms of social injustice, and that it can eradicate these forms of injustice only by dealing with them specifically. It overlooks entirely the fact that there is the pamphlet, the political tract, the soap-box oration, to deal with the specific issues of the day, whereas the literature of the imagination may prepare the minds in a more general fashion. That is, a great work, dealing with some hypothetical event remote in history and "immediacy," may leave us with a desire for justice—and the political speaker may profit by this equipment when he shows his hearers that some particular situation in his particular precinct is unjust. There must be a literature which upholds such an equipment in the abstract, if the social reformer is to find something in us to which he can appeal when advocating reforms in the particular. It is fortunate for the proletarian reformer that so much of art is written in defiance of his injunctions.

Again, by the exhortation that literature "deal with life," we often mean that literature should be popular. For it is obvious that if a book engrosses one reader, it has "dealt with life" so far as he is concerned, though all the rest of mankind find it trivial and unconvincing. Accordingly, if, knowing that a book has in the present or past engrossed a few readers, we insist that it does not deal with life, we must mean that it should engross more readers.

A writer is engaged in the producing of effects upon his readers. He may seek to produce such effects as appeal to a large audience, or to a small audience, or to a particular kind of audience (as an audience of workingmen, or an audience of scholars). Thus he will aim to produce the sort of effects which certain people (presumably more or less like himself) will find appealing. He will manipulate their ideology, he will exploit his and their own patterns of experience, he will symbolize by one set of modes or another (he may prey upon their sense of injustice, for instance, by depicting the maltreatment of a slave on a Greek island of antiquity, or by an account of child-labor conditions in the cotton mills), and whether he use the "antique" modes or the "modern," he is dealing with life if he awakens in his readers such rage against injustice as he intended to awaken.

A work deals with life for a great many people when it symbolizes such patterns of experience as characterize a great many people and ramifies the symbol by such modes of experience as appeal to a great many people. It may, in so doing, prove its unfitness to deal with life for others, who require other kinds of symbolization and who happen —whether through their way of living or through the conventions of their art—to demand that the symbols be ramified in other modes of experience. A fiction designed for an audience of workingmen, for instance, may give such pictures of life among the wealthy as could never be said by the wealthy to deal with life. But these pictures, however inaccurate, "deal with life" so long as they serve as symbols for arousing in the workingmen such emotions as the artist wished to arouse. One must realize that many works of the past which now seem "hollow" are hollow because they were so well adapted to "dealing with life" under their particular set of conditions (they were "occasional poems" for occasions so specific that the occasions are not likely to recur). We must realize, on this point, that when to "deal with life" means to exploit "burning issues" (as the popular magazines often attempt to do), the author is choosing the readiest means of producing his effects, the means which happen to be most effective at the moment (as would a playwright "exposing" vice conditions at a time when the public was much exercised over a crusade against vice rings).

In conclusion: the most "unreal" book in the world can properly be said to "deal with life" if it can engross a reader (that is, if it is an "occasional poem" written for the particular sort of occasion which happens to characterize the reader's own life or stage of life). Some ages will prefer (as in the time of Lyly) such persiflage and gallantry as never was. But we must not overlook the fact that, however "artificial" such a style may be, the feeling behind it, the love of ceremony which it symbolizes, is as "natural" and "spontaneous" as any other emotion. For many people the emphases of today may be such that this love of ceremony seems trifling and mal apropos; for them, not only the exaggerated *désinvolture* of a Lyly, but even the fluent badinage of Restoration comedy, will seem not to "deal with life." And the author who would get general credit for "dealing with life" must give more attention to other emphases, other forms of the conventional and unreal, which happen at the moment to be deemed more "natural."

KENNETH BURKE.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Sacco-Vanzetti Anniversary

SIR: Some of your readers may be interested to recall that the fourth anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti falls on August 22 and 23. There will be a memorial meeting on Saturday evening, August 22, at the Old South Meeting House in Boston, Massachusetts, to consider again the issues involved in that case (which the Wickersham Commission seems to have overlooked) and to attempt a phrasing of the kind of men Sacco and

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Vanzetti were and of their significance in the American civilization which hated and feared them enough to kill them. Professor Walton Hale Hamilton of the Yale Law School will head the list of speakers.

GARDNER JACKSON.

Boston, Mass.

Boulder Dam

SIR: In The New Republic of June 24, and in the issue of July 29, are statements regarding Boulder Dam, which are evidently based on misinformation. Whatever the views of The New Republic, I am sure that it desires to state the facts, and to aid in this I wish to call attention to certain statements in both articles.

The first sentence in the article of June 24 says, "Wages are being cut below prevailing levels." Exactly the contrary is the truth. The prevailing rate for common labor at Boulder Canyon when the Six Companies entered on their contract, was $3.50 a day. The contractors—the Six Companies—raised that wage to $4.00 a day. The minimum wages in the tunnel are $5.00 a day, which all my inquiries show to be above the prevailing wage for this kind of work in Nevada, Arizona and Colorado.

The second paragraph in the article of June 24 says that Secretary of the Interior Wilbur has ignored the engineering department of the Reclamation Service and farmed out Boulder Dam to private contractors. The article of July 29 implies that this contract is contrary to the usual practice and that the Secretary had set aside the Reclamation Bureau. The facts are that the carrying on of construction work directly by the Reclamation Bureau was discontinued several years ago, when Dr. Work became Secretary of the Interior. When this order became effective the Bureau, which then had a very efficient organization to do work with its own construction forces, regretted the change, but it is the judgment of the engineering staff that the results since, through letting work by contract, have been entirely satisfactory. Work has been done as cheaply as the Bureau could have done it directly. Contractors have shown a very high sense of responsibility in doing first-class work The Kittitas Canal, for example, which contains some of the most difficult construction yet carried out in any irrigated country, has demonstrated by its operation that from start to finish every structure on it has been constructed with the most painstaking care and in strict accordance with the specifications. If there have been any complaints from labor as to unfair wages or disregard of human life or safety, it has not come to my attention.

When the Bureau came to consider how Hoover Dam should be built, there was not, so far as I am advised, any division of the opinion, including that of the engineers, that the work should be done by contract, nor that in doing this there would be any injustice to labor, organized or otherwise. Secretary Wilbur did not in any way seek to influence the Bureau's action. Realizing the importance of maintaining, as far as could be, the health and vigor of workers, the Bureau is spending two million dollars to create proper conditions of living in the construction camp located six miles away and two thousand feet above the sizzling summer heat of the canyon. Experience has already shown that this works a great alleviation in the discomfort and menace to life that would have gone with an attempt to house the workers at the lower level. This work imposes a very considerable outlay on the contractor, but the Six Companies have coöperated with the Bureau in carrying it out. I recently visited Boulder City and all the work going on. There have never been, outside of possibly a few of the government towns built to house workers during the War, dormitories and homes equal to those being built by the contractors at Boulder City to house their workers. The expense is more than double that of the average outlay to house workers on large contracts. Surely any attempt at a fair statement of the labor conditions at Boulder Canyon or the attitude of the contractors must include consideration of these facts.

The statement in the article of June 24 dwells on the absence of trees and shade, but it makes no mention of the fact that the plans of both the Bureau and the contractor provide for the planting of shade trees and the seeding of large areas to grass as soon as water is available for irrigation and the summer heat is over. Next year there will be an entirely different story. There is no question that the work of the engineers of the Reclamation Bureau and the work of the contractors thus far has been carried out under very difficult and often very dangerous conditions. These are inseparable from the location. In order to make the survey of the canyon, engineers had to be lowered hundreds of feet by rope. They had to scale precipices on cat-walks that no amount of money would induce me to attempt to climb. The summer heat in the canyon is terrific but the heat at Boulder City, where it is planned that workers will spend a large part of the time, is no greater than that in the Sacramento or San Joaquin valleys and less than it is in the nearby city of Las Vegas, because the altitude is greater.

The deaths that have resulted are deplored by all, but they have not been excessive when the difficult and dangerous character of the work to be done and the desert location is taken into account. There were forty deaths from heat recently reported in one day in the Imperial Valley, and only one death reported in the same day on the Boulder Canyon work. Anyone who is familiar with what is going on knows that if it had not been for the very large expenditures to mitigate climatic conditions and protect the workers, the death toll would have been much heavier, and what is true now in these preparatory stages will be increasingly true as the agencies to safeguard health and life are completed.

ELWOOD MEAD, Commissioner,
Bureau of Reclamation.

Washington, D. C.

The People's Lobby

SIR: There has been considerable misunderstanding in the press as to the nature of a special committee of one hundred now in process of formation by the People's Lobby. The primary purpose of this committee is to offset as far as possible the effect of the hysterical propaganda being carried on against the Russian Soviet Union, particularly by Mr. Matthew Woll and his recently announced Committee of One Hundred. Our committee is of the opinion that Mr. Woll's campaign is sowing the seeds of international hatred and war. In contradistinction we advocate a fair and friendly policy toward Soviet Russia, both as the proper attitude toward a great social and economic experiment and as a means of furthering international understanding and peace.

A secondary object of our committee is to call attention to those wretched social and economic conditions in this country which are the basic cause of the present widespread misery, unrest and violence. We believe that Mr. Woll and his associates would be better advised to agitate for the cure of these conditions than to issue polemics against Russia and stimulate the persecution of American radicals.

JOHN DEWEY,
President, People's Lobby.

New York City.

Mr. Chase and Prosperity

SIR: In reply to Stuart Chase's charge that I misquoted him in my recent article, "Two Decades of Depression," I enclose a verbatim copy of an item found in The New York Times of November 1, 1929, page 3, column 5.

Albion College, Albion, Mich. WILFORD J. EITEMAN.

[ENCLOSURE]

SEES PROSPERITY UNHURT

Stuart Chase, Economist, Says It
Will Last Three More Years

Stuart Chase, economist, who completed recently a six months' survey of the structure of prosperity in the United States, said here yesterday that the present stock market will not affect the general prosperity of the country.

"The shrinkage is in paper prices," he said, "and not in tangible goods and services. We probably have three more years

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of prosperity ahead of us before we enter the cyclic tailspin which has occurred in the eleventh year of each of the four great previous periods of commercial prosperity.

"In a week the colossal sum of $50,000,000,000 was squeezed out of Wall Street figures, but does this mean the end of prosperity? Frankly, I do not think so.

"The paper values have been brought back to the point where they more truly reflect the capitalization of the current earnings and are thus in a healthier price range. By releasing some billions of capital frozen in brokers' loans, general business, particularly building construction, will have access to easier terms of credit."

SIR: I had forgotten the garbled interview which Mr. Eiteman quotes. It was the financial reporter, probably anxious to minimize the panic, who made the absurd synthesis—from the proofs of my book and a sentence over the telephone—which Mr. Eiteman properly ridicules. It would have been fairer for so careful an economist to use main sources.

STUART CHASE.

Redding, Conn.

In Memory of Luzhsky

SIR: Nothing sounder or more completed in theater technique exists in the world today than what was embodied in the acting of Vassili Vassilich Luzhsky, who on the second day of July dropped dead in the streets of Moscow.

After Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko, Luzhsky was the leading producer of the Moscow Art Company, in the days of its greatness now struggling to continue. As an actor he belonged in the group with Moskvin, Kachalov, Leonidov and Stanislavsky, certainly the most powerful band of stage artists ever seen by me in a lifetime of devotion to the theater. Americans have been able to see "The Cherry Orchard," with his famous butler, Firse, and to compare it with the portrait of old Karamazov, a striking proof of range, and with such other pictures as were presented by him in "Uncle Vanya," "The Three Sisters," "The Lower Depths" and "The Claws of Life." Make-up in this company is carried out with a finality that is not without its resemblances to the painting of the Dutch and Flemish masters; and if at any time members of the company had been forced to select, among its many experts, one who should stand as an exemplar in this field, there can be no doubt that their choice would have fallen on Luzhsky.

All the first-line members of the company have been severely drilled in music. A few days before the death of Luzhsky an American visitor to Moscow heard Stanislavsky, although confined to his room, sing over the whole of every part in "The Marriage of Figaro." It is a tenet of the company that perfect use of the voice in speaking cannot come into existence without long practice in song. Not only did Luzhsky lead when group singing occurred in plays, but he took a part when "Pericoli" was put on by the musical company of Nemirovich-Danchenko, and he seemed, off the stage, the very life of group song. When, for example, at a large reception at the Colony Club, in New York, there was a sudden burst of gay voices from one corner of the room, the actors had been brought together and led by Luzhsky.

Song was not only in his voice, but in his blood. If Shakespeare had drawn him, he would have given him something different of course, but as happy as Falstaff, Puck or Ariel. Often have I seen him in groups of Americans, most of them innocent of Russian, as he was innocent of any other tongue, and never knew him not to be an engaging and brightening element. When on one such occasion he was introduced to Mrs. Fiske, his sudden drop to his knees and his accompanying homage in other gestures could not have made her happier if she had understood his words.

When the Moscow Art Company was introduced to President Coolidge, in 1924, some planning was required to gather the members from their various hotels in Washington, and then to deliver them safely to the White House and afterward to the photographers waiting outside. During the series of external incidents Luzhsky could be seen playing tricks back and forth, in the thick of the traffic, across broad Pennsylvania Avenue, with Kachalov and Vishnevsky, while they waited to be joined by Knipper and Stanislavsky.

Even in these later hard and tired years, his exhilarating influence did not fail. Though nobody in the company worked more severely, the end of performances and rehearsals found him still so full of zest for action that on a sleeping car it would be two o'clock before the company was allowed to seek its berths, on account of some impromptu frolic organized with blankets and pillows by Luzhsky. How Molière would have loved the man!

Well, rest his soul! Nobody could be intimate with this richest and most completely artistic of all modern acting companies (naturally we cannot dogmatize about the troupes influenced by Molière and Shakespeare) without having tender and reverential feelings for some among the leaders. Anton Chekhov was dead before there came to my knowledge the company that added life to his plays and drew life from them. Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko must stand as twin beacons in any complete history the future may produce of what in our time was done for the spirit of man. Leonidov is the greatest tragic actor left extant. Kachalov and Moskvin are among the lights that, in the brief and glorious present, are not to be forgotten. For Luzhsky, among the wreaths on his coffin the fairest was the memory, in the hearts of those to whom he was known, of an artist in probity and thoroughness unsurpassed, and of a man whose flame was undimmed, whether the day was of glory or of trial.

So strong was the emotion in Moscow that militia were needed to keep crowds away from the funeral. All night workmen guarded the coffin. The ashes, after the burning, were taken across the city to that cemetery where the fellow artists who have preceded him are resting also. The music to which the procession moved was written by a composer of the company, now dead, and was altogether of horns, solemn and shattering—a funeral march for "Hamlet."

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

Pornic, France.

Miners' Defense

SIR: A brief summary of what has happened in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia coal fields, where the majority of the striking miners of the entire country are under the leadership of the National Miners' Union, should be of interest to your readers in that it supplements the fine article in the July 29 issue by Robert L. Cruden.

The International Labor Defense (I.L.D.) which is handling defense work for these miners reports that to date:

> Over 1,000 miners have been arrested in the Pennsylvania-Ohio field alone on charges ranging from unlawful assemblage to criminal syndicalism—an injunction makes "lawful" assemblage or picketing impossible. About three hundred of this number are now serving jail sentences. Three miners have been killed, one deliberately murdered by police as he stood on his own porch trying to protect his wife from bullets and one only sixteen years of age. Over thirty-five have been severely wounded. More than 2,000 men, women and children have been gassed, clubbed and ridden down by horses of the state police. Excessive bail has been placed on arrested miners—a total of over $1,000,000 thus far—in order to keep the strike leaders inactive in jail. Over 3,000 families have had eviction notices served on them. Many families are now in the fields with their household goods. In addition to this there are sixty miners in jail in Kentucky on heavy charges including murder and criminal syndicalism.

These victimized miners and their families need the best of legal defense. Money for lawyers, bail, etc., must be had at once. The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, Theodore Dreiser, Chairman, is coöperating with the I.L.D. in defending the miners. This committee has on it such well known figures as Harry Elmer Barnes, Professor Franz Boas, William Rose Benet, Malcolm Cowley, Suzanne La Follette, John Dos Passos and many others.

Contributions for defense are desperately needed and may be sent to Miners' Defense, Lincoln Steffens, Treasurer, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

WALTER WILSON, Secretary.

New York City.

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The Better Bulwer

Bulwer: A Panorama. Vol. I, Edward and Rosina, by Michael Sadleir. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 409 pages. $4.

MR. SADLEIR could not have chosen a better point of view for his panorama of the second quarter of the nineteenth century than the salient occupied by Edward Bulwer. Bulwer came on the scene simultaneously with Disraeli, representing a phenomenon familiar in our own day—reaction from the tragedy of a world war to the cynicism of attitude and frivolity of behavior which constituted the English form of dandyism. Their characters, Vivian Grey and Pelham, were in conscious revolt against the heroes of Scott and the villains of Byron. Bulwer boasted that "Pelham" served "to turn the thoughts and ambitions of young gentlemen without neckcloths. . . from playing the Corsair and boasting that they were villains." "Pelham" left a permanent mark on society in the advice of the hero's mother to her son, to wear black for evening dress, "for people must be very distinguished to do so."

In Pelham's view, society was too easily captured by adroitness to make defiance of it worth while. Bulwer had ample opportunity to test his philosophy. In the midst of a social success unequaled since Byron had burst on the world with "Childe Harold," he married Rosina Wheeler, whom Mr. Sadleir presents as an extreme type of the post-war girl. Cut off from ancestral resources by an indignant mother, Bulwer continued to fly his flag. He supported an extravagant establishment by his literary industry. Novels, poems, histories, essays, plays, the editorship of The New Monthly Magazine, occupied the years in which he and his wife were becoming more and more estranged. Even after their formal separation, Rosina prosecuted the quarrel with the energy of madness. As a step in his career he entered Parliament in 1831, and became one of the lights of British oratory. He attained Cabinet rank as Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Tory government of 1858. On this occasion, when he was seeking his reëlection, his wife appeared on the platform beside him and gave his constituents her view of his character.

With Macready, he was a leading figure in the revival of the drama, especially through "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu" and "Money." When one of his plays was to be presented at Devonshire House—a benefit performance for indigent authors—Mrs. Bulwer threatened to secure admission and throw an egg at the Queen. When their daughter was dangerously ill, the mother suddenly appeared at her bedside and was, as Bulwer believed, responsible for her death. "No man," says Mr. Sadleir, "can withhold admiration from the sheer intellectual doggedness which toiled for a livelihood and kept the world at bay, while behind the fighting front all was chaos and misery." He lived always in the shadow of a scandal which threatened his ruin, but it did not prevent an offer of the throne of Greece, his accession to the peerage, and a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Sadleir does full justice to the extent of Bulwer's achievements as a novelist. Beginning his career when novels of high life were in vogue, he reanimated the Gothic novel of Mrs. Radcliffe; he carried on the tradition of Scott in the historical novel; he revived the novel of crime, coated with social purpose; he kept alive the philosophic novel, the *Erziehungsroman,* after the fashion of "Wilhelm Meister"; he wrote a successful utopia in "The Coming Race." In the course of his career he won successive reputations. Thus Bulwer's achievement in its entirety has an importance which cannot be surmised from any one book. Moreover, as Mr. Sadleir remarks:

> The great obstacle to any appraisal of him as a writer is the manifold variety of his disguises. He is forever pretending—and not only to the world but to himself also. Further, he was that difficult blend of creative artist and student of literature, who almost inevitably develops a literary—side by side with a human—personality, and inclines to elaborate the former into as many sub-personalities as knowledge or fancy may suggest.

Thus self-consciousness became his natural medium of expression. He took himself seriously in every role, philosopher, scholar of history, social reformer, artist, and with an exuberent rhetoric concealed for a time the pretense behind a word-screen of "sham solemnity" and "august humbug." The Princess Rackowitze in "Von Anderen und Mir" gives a picture of him in his old age at Nice, reading from his novels while a girl in Greek costume sat at his feet playing an accompaniment on the harp.

The story of Bulwer leads Mr. Sadleir into a survey of the period. Necessarily, Bulwer was associated with an unusual number of contemporary personages: Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Macready, Miss Landon, Lady Blessington, Lady Caroline Lamb. His relations with men were often clouded by shyness, and by an arrogance which was in reality a defense mechanism. He was the center of literary feuds in which he was sometimes the aggressor—as in his satire on Tennyson, the "School-miss Alfred" of "The New Timon"—but more often the attacked. He early won the hostility of Fraser's Magazine, which became the vehicle of savage diatribes against him by Maginn, Thackeray and Lockhart. In addition, Charles Molloy Westmacott, who as the social scavenger of the day edited The Age, was on his trail, and upon Westmacott Bulwer turned with pardonable fury. Of the quarrel with Maginn, Mr. Sadleir gives a plausible account, centering it about the unfortunate young lady, Letitia Elizabeth Landon. The hostility of Lockhart, who came to London in 1825 as editor of The Quarterly, Mr. Sadleir attributes to jealousy. Lockhart was a social rival and a political opponent as well as the guardian of Sir Walter Scott's fame and a novelist on his own account. He depreciated Bulwer in The Quarterly, and Bulwer gave back in The New Monthly better than he got.

Mr. Sadleir amends Mr. Harold Nicolson's description of Lockhart as a "sexless Antinous" to "an Antinous whose sex impulses were soured by vanity into jealous malignity." Here is clearly a case for the psychoanalyst, and we have no contemporary authority. In regard to another matter, however, we have an expert opinion. Mr. Sadleir's imputation of cowardice is based on the negotiations for a meeting between Lockhart, then of Blackwood's Magazine, and John Scott, the editor of The London Magazine. Lockhart came to London and after the exchange of notes went back to Edinburgh. The account published by Lockhart's second, Christie, contained some additions to the version agreed upon, whereas Scott challenged Christie and was mortally wounded. The Duke of Wellington, as an authority on personal courage and technique in affairs of honor, exonerated Lockhart. In Andrew Lang's biography of the latter may be read the full account of this

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episode, which reflects the literary amenities of the days when Bulwer was coming on the scene.

In regard to Thackeray, Mr. Sadleir is equally severe. He subscribes to Edmund Yates' judgment, that he was "both a hypocrite and a snob," and adds that after long continued attacks in Fraser's he "put the finishing touch to his own discredit by the flunkeyism of a thirteenth-hour apology." Doubtless, the reaction against the early view of Thackeray as a cynic, has gone too far, and his rehabilitation as a magnified Charles Lamb, overflowing with the milk of chivalry and human kindness, is equally beside the mark. Mr. Sadleir admits, however, that there was that in Bulwer which set Thackeray's nerves on edge. Bulwer was apparently a snob in his parade of a great name and family, and yet he was forced to be an *arriviste*—two characters which Thackeray detested. Moreover, Bulwer appeared as a writer of novels of high life of the "silver fork" school and also of Newgate crime. Thackeray regarded both as unworthy of English fiction. He satirized the former in the "Yellowplush Papers," and the latter in "Elizabeth Brownrigge" and "Catherine." Indeed, the exploitation of crime in the novel he regarded as a resort to cheap sensationalism, as he would have regarded the exploitation of sex today. Especially the element of pretense, of empty rhetoric, of "sham solemnity" and "august humbug" offered an easy mark to this author of "Novels by Eminent Hands." There are plenty of reasons to attribute Thackeray's attacks to a respect for honest craftsmanship; and why should not his subsequent reconciliation be given the benefit of belief which is granted in other cases?

After all, Mr. Sadleir has done such able and discriminating justice to Bulwer that we can pardon him a few grudges on account of his client, or even on his own.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Bellamy's Accurate Utopia

Looking Backward: 2000-1887, by Edward Bellamy. With an introduction by Heywood Broun. The Riverside Library. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 337 pages. $1.

"LOOKING BACKWARD" has worn better than perhaps any other nineteenth-century utopia. The author of it was a young New England writer of romance, a paler and weaker Hawthorne. When he published this book, capitalism in the United States was in the beginning of the period of consolidation, the labor movement was in a desperate state as the influence of the Knights of Labor was waning and that of the American Federation of Labor was still to wax, whilst the hopes for a better social order oscillated between those who thought it might arise through terrorism and those who, like Bellamy, still hoped to achieve it by reasonable persuasion.

Edward Bellamy was a latterday perfectionist: he used his imagination to carry the mechanical and corporate processes which were still at their beginning to their logical conclusion, a completely mechanized and organized society. If in moral temper he was nearer to the school of Albert Brisbane than he was to Karl Marx, his picture of the United States in the year 2000 in so many ways resembles that of Soviet Russia that the book has a direct contemporary interest: it is much nearer to actuality than many of the current attempts to describe the Russian system. Unlike the reviewer on The Boston Transcript in 1887, who felt that the book contained nothing that might not be possible if only Bellamy had put his transformation seventy-five centuries away, one is rather impressed by the closeness of his utopia. In one sense at least Bellamy was a realist: he predicted things which have actually happened. His picture of utopia is very much like that of the United States in the last months of the World War.

Let us make a brief catalogue of Bellamy's admirable anticipations: in the age of the bustle and the chignon, he predicted a time when women would expose their limbs and permit their bodies to develop naturally; in an age of coal and gas, he pictured smokeless cities, heated and lighted by electricity; at a time when children were learning nothing but the three R's, he looked forward to a period when children, as part of the normal educational process, would visit the industries and factories of a city; before the phonograph was perfected and while the telephone was little more than a toy, he described a system of public broadcasting of music and the human voice; among other things, he even foresaw the organization of purchase by sample, as in the mail-order catalogue or in certain departments of large department stores. These things have actually come to pass, on a small scale, if not universally. So, for that matter, have Campanella's automobiles, Sir Thomas More's incubators and Sir Francis Bacon's Institutes of Scientific Research, to say nothing of Glanvill's magnetic telegraph.

But Bellamy's main prophecy was the complete nationalization of industry, with a thoroughly coördinated system of production, and the establishment of an industrial army with a three-year period of compulsory service for recruits, twenty-one years of more or less voluntary but continuous service, and retirement at the age of forty-five. He looked upon this as the final step in the concentration of corporate power: the era of trusts was to culminate in the one big trust, the coöperative commonwealth. Such an organization of production would, he thought, do away with "first, the waste by mistaken undertakings; second, the waste from competition and mutual hostility of those engaged in industry; third, the waste by periodical gluts and crises, with the consequent interruptions of industry; fourth, the waste from idle capital and labor at all times." Each person was to receive a basic income of five thousand dollars to cover his year's expenditures: he could distribute his purchases in any manner he pleased, but his opportunities for saving were limited and his chances for investment none. The incentives to high effort were power and glory, as in an army: differential wages came in the form of shorter hours. No one could escape the requisite years spent in industrial and professional service except—Bellamy does not smile when he makes this proposal—authors who are permitted to live off their royalties.

The most radical point in Bellamy's whole book, namely the equalization of income, is probably the most sound and defensible. We have begun to see now that the establishment of a substantial equality of income is a necessary corollary of machine production: it is almost its moral imperative. The nationalization of land and industry in Soviet Russia, the Five Year Plan, the industrial direction of the various states engaged in the World War, even the notion of the "new capitalism" that machine products cannot be distributed without higher wages—all these facts and proposals make the economic parts of Bellamy's scheme far less fantastic today than they seemed to his contemporaries. This dreamer was far shrewder than the practical men who mocked him. He had started out, on his own confession, to concoct only a pure romance: he ended up, to his surprise, with a criticism of capitalism and *laissez faire* and a

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series of highly practicable proposals for changing the industrial order. The world was certainly not converted by Bellamy, although he exercised an influence among his American contemporaries comparable only to Henry George's; but the paths of the ideal and the real converged.

There are, however, three weaknesses in "Looking Backward" which are of great importance to those of us who are looking forward. The first is that Bellamy thought the change from a society based upon privilege to one based on the common weal could be accomplished, without shock, through the existing political machinery of the country. This now seems incredible: the majority of the population, regimented in the school, drilled in the factory, stultified in the newspapers and popular magazines, is not capable of lifting itself up by its own bootstraps. One does not make changes by converting the majority: one converts the majority by making changes. At some point or other—it is impossible in advance to tell where—there will be a moral and physical pressure toward change, produced by an active and intelligent minority, a pressure that cannot be registered by the mechanical process of counting votes. The votes may come forward, precisely as the Constitution was altered in obedience to the pressure of the fanatical prohibitionists: but the ballot box or the legislative vote only registers the preceding event.

Bellamy's second error, which has been repeated in part in Soviet Russia, was to create a unitary State, and to leave no loopholes or avenues of escape from its dominant institutions; he applied the war psychology, the psychology of encirclement, to all the manifold coöperations of peaceful enterprise. In wartime, one may temporarily forget the variety of human interest and human response; one may temporarily iron out all the discrepancies and anomalies; but if only as a safety valve there ought to exist institutions which stand out in contrast to the dominant ones—laboratories not subsidized by the State, theaters and universities independent of official approval, experimental groups and unattached individuals who would resist assimilation. A society that has no place for dissident members, a society that does not allow for a healthy growth of heterodoxy, is both feeble and sick. One can already see the disadvantages of complete standardization and complete social control in various institutions in the United States, as in the public school system of certain States: how much more inimical would this standardization and control be if the State were good and efficient and powerful and unchallenged by other groups! The actual example of Russia on this point intensifies one's doubts rather than quiets them.

Finally, Bellamy was mistaken in assuming that a rationally organized system of production and distribution would solve all the moral problems of humanity and enable it to live happily ever afterwards. There is no doubt that a sane economic system, such as the Marquesans had before the coming of the white man, is a fundamental basis of the good life: but to ask too much from a regenerated economic order is just as foolish as asking too little from the present one. This is one of the reasons why so many romantic observers are disappointed about Soviet Russia. Bellamy, like almost all the other progressive minds of the nineteenth century, thought of a sublime goal to be approached: humanity was to become better and better, better clothed, better housed, better organized, more interested in the Good, the True and the Beautiful. The regeneration was to be complete and automatic: all its old sloth, stupidity, cowardice, vanity, self-assertion, greed, were to disappear forever once the institutions they had created were gone. This was naïve. Utopia is both nearer at hand and farther away than that. Almost all of us have had our good days, days that needed no additional increment of wealth or comradeship or love or intelligence to make them perfect and self-justifying, incapable of being improved by any conceivable social order. But these moments of poise and ecstasy do not last either in the individual or in the community: life goes on: one must achieve a new equilibrium. Whatever else a more just commonwealth may do, it will give us something more than the problem of living happily ever afterwards.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Toward Unemployment Insurance

The Problem of Unemployment, by Paul H. Douglas and Aaron Director. New York: The Macmillan Company. 505 pages. $3.50.

ECONOMISTS called upon in an emergency to provide the materials for programs of action or to assess the results of operating institutions necessarily finish their work with a report. These reports are presumably for the information of those who are most concerned with the formation of public policy. Beyond this the expert usually has a significant choice to make: either his work can remain in the report stage or it can grow into a considered contribution to economic literature. A good report in an exigency may be one thing; and a permanent judgment of policy may be quite another. The distinction here would not be nearly so important if there were not an increasing number of economists engaged in these critical estimates of policy. As things are, the major share of contemporary economic writing originates in some such way, and the science in America almost has to be judged by the use economists make of report materials.

This volume on unemployment is an instance in point. It arose out of the present emergency; it demanded a vast coöperative effort of research and analysis. A report has resulted which ought to convince any reasonable person of the need for a radical overhauling of our policy. Enough pressing needs are indicated to keep honest statesmen busy for a long time to come. The further question remains as to whether this book constitutes something more significant and fruitful.

The problems of unemployment divide themselves into two sorts: short and long-run. The first of these arises from seasonal variations, from cyclical disturbances in business, and others which are similar. The second arises from changes in the relation of men to work, such as the substitution of machines for hand labor, the growth and decline of industries, the discovery of new resources, and the invention of new processes. The two problems require attacks of a different kind. The first requires no obvious institutional reorganization, but rather the devising of various practical means for the stabilizing of employment within industries and for the support of those who are temporarily displaced between jobs. The second requires a wider economic policy of planning and control over nearly all phases of economic life, especially of the allocation of capital funds and of the prices of consumers' goods.

It is to the first of these problems that the authors of the present book mainly limit their attention. This may seem strange in view of the current concern over what has been called "technological unemployment"; but the reason is to be discovered in the four chapters here devoted to the subject. In these the authors demonstrate to their own

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satisfaction that technological unemployment is theoretically impossible in any permanent sense. There is necessarily a rising curve of occupational opportunities in our economy, and unemployment occurs only as a temporary aspect of maladjustment. This demonstration depends upon the same reasoning which led the classical economists to a similar conclusion: technological changes in industry are undertaken for efficiency's sake, costs are reduced, competition causes prices to fall, lowered prices expand consumption, and greater consumption calls for more workers. They ignore, however, the remarkable ingenuity of "free" business in interrupting this sequence—so that by protecting their prices, enlarging their profits, expanding beyond all reason their productive equipment, they meet the certain nemesis of consumers' inability to take their high-priced goods off the market, owing to the inevitable fall of the consumers' buying power.

By this theoretical evasion the orthodox economist's problem is vastly simplified; and his whole attention can be devoted to examining the easier short-run phenomena of unemployment. The chief interest of this work, therefore, lies in those chapters which deal with employment exchanges and insurance schemes. These constitute a summary of the schemes in use throughout the world and propose plans for ourselves. All this is carefully done and certainly nothing is proposed which is unnecessary. The details of our insurance scheme, when we come to it, will doubtless be worked out piecemeal; but a sufficient groundwork is here.

The book, nevertheless, remains a report, however excellent it may be; and the whole problem of the relations between men and their economic institutions, which frequently become so strained as to amount to human expatriation, still remains to torment us.

R. G. TUGWELL.

Topical Novels

Mayor Harding of New York, by Stephen Endicott. New York: The Mohawk Press. $2.50.

Hot News, by Emile Gauvreau. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

Money Man, by Herman Michelson. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.

LATELY it has become the practice of struggling publishers to issue topical novels. If a gangster kills a gambler, these publishers are proud of having contracted with a poor and hasty writer to have the inside story of that event "fictionized" and on the streets thirteen days after the body is cold. Time is said to be money, and if the publishers and the writers are to cash in on all the dead bodies, all the bawdy newspapers and all the broken banks, they must hurry, even at the expense of art.

"Mayor Harding of New York" is a novel only in one sense: the names are fictitious, and there are one or two incidents which even a blind reader could identify by reading between the lines, using his newspaper knowledge as a key. This is for protection of the author and publisher in case anyone should say they were exploiting the life and times of Mayor Walker and his friends. And then there is page 236, where Mr. Stephen Endicott protects himself by having the character who resembles Al Smith unto the dialect say heatedly: "There was some cause for criticism a few years back, when Jimmy Walker was mayor. But, gee!—this crowd is harder to handle than Walker and Curry!" The novel is concerned with much of the intrigue and all of the scandal that has occurred in New York during the last few years. It hitches together various things we have all been reading about in the newspapers for some years, but which have not had a chance to crystallize rapidly enough into a congealed mass, what with the German-debt situation and new murders. Mr. Endicott's novel might be interesting, if it were not too lurid for words. He ought to have more respect for language, even if he has read Mr. Dashiell Hammett.

Perhaps politics is not nearly so lurid as it is steadily, earnestly and powerfully corrupt, but Mr. Endicott prefers to dramatize rather than to analyze, and that is too bad, for his few political analyses are clear and dramatic in themselves. Mr. Endicott has taken the facts of the New Tammany's administration of New York City, added a few speakeasies and a few gangsters and served. Almost the only character not readily recognizable by any casual newspaper reader is the mayor's Italian gangster secretary, Firenze. Mayor Walker's secretary was not a gangster; he was a newspaperman. And the only other contribution of Mr. Endicott's fancy is the hero, the young assistant district attorney, Dan Fitzhugh, the master mind, who knows everything about anything that is going on long before anybody else except the author. One of those characters in a novel of the politico-gangster type is as inevitable as the wife in a triangle play.

Mr. Emile Gauvreau has written the autobiography of a tabloid editor in fiction form, and his production is as ill formed as any serial in a tabloid newspaper. His material is more interesting than the material of those serials, but his manner of presentation is the same, and it would not be at all surprising to see "Hot News" serialized in the tabloid newspaper which Mr. Gauvreau edits. The publishers announce in their introductory note that Mr. Gauvreau's "amazing and devastating novel will shake all America with its revelations." I doubt it. Mr. Gauvreau's book is commonplace and tame, considering his opportunities. Like the hero of his novel, Mr. Gauvreau cannot in this novel get away from Tabloidia, as he calls it. His hero, who has gone to Paris after telling his fat boss, Richard Bunnyweather II, newspaper owner, what he thinks of him, is trying to write. "Somehow," he confesses, "I could not think or write except in terms of Tabloidia." That was natural enough after all he had been through as a slave of Mr. Bunnyweather's, but it worried Anthony Peters, the hero. He is advised by a man who has just interviewed Freud that confession is good for the soul and to write his book as a straight confession for his personal relief. He does so, but he finds that after he has finished he is not at all relieved from the demands of the excitement. And in the end he goes back to make a bigger—but a better—tabloid newspaper.

By changing the names, Mr. Gauvreau presents incident after incident, recognizable as his experiences while the editor of The Graphic and The Mirror. "Peaches" Browning becomes "Sugar Plum," and "Daddy" Browning "Uncle Cocoa." Then there is Arnold Rothstein, who becomes Arthur Rockstone: "And those hands!" Mr. Gauvreau exclaims. "I shall remember them: delicate, like a woman's, yet with a suggestion of secret strength—the strength of a thin Spanish blade."

Mr. Herman Michelson has more imagination than his colleagues in the topical-novel trade. Inspired by the failure of the Bank of United States, he has written a novel about the shyster president of a ragtime bank, but he has sufficient skill to create something of an imaginative char-

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acter and to surround it with other characters, instead of dishing up the news. His hero—or villain—is obvious and feeble, for Mr. Michelson is also in a hurry; but at least he did more than to put down all he had seen and all he had heard about notorious people, merely bothering to change their names and connect their activities.

M. R. WERNER.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

DID HOMER LIVE? by Victor Bérard. *Translated by Brian Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 234 pages. $3.*

This resurrection of the "Question" is a précis of M. Bérard's dozen previous volumes on the "Odyssey," not the "Iliad." Here he relies on statement, without elaborate argument, of the chief opinion he has evolved during forty years of study: that Semitic etymology and Phoenician navigation records (yet to be found) were to the "Odyssey" what others tell us the "Odyssey" and the English language were to Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses." M. Bérard awaits only excavations in Syria (yet to be made) to show how much the author of the "Iliad," too, owed the Phoenicians. Remembering Samuel Butler, who translated both poems, one sees the cheerful alternatives: the lady (who wrote the "Odyssey") or the Jews (who wrote both Greek epics).

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

GOD HAVE MERCY ON ME! by the author of "No Bed of Roses." *New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.*

Here are the five years left unrecorded in "No Bed of Roses," the grimly tragic life story of a prostitute and drug addict. During this period she makes one heroic but futile effort at complete reform, and undergoes countless cures which relieve her of the physical necessity of drugs, but send her back to economic and psychological situations which she can face only through their use. The book ends with her spiritual defeat and resignation to the life which society, as much as herself, has determined for her. A life story written with such sincerity and freedom from sentimentality has an artistic as well as a sociological importance.

WHITMAN AND BURROUGHS, COMRADES, by Clara Barrus. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 392 pages. $5.*

Since John Burroughs was by far the most intelligent of the group that circled Whitman in Washington and later in Camden, N. J., the story of the Whitman-Burroughs friendship will always be a matter of interest to students of American literature. Dr. Barrus has given us a solid body of facts concerning the relationship, from which we may draw our own conclusions. The personalities of the entire Whitman circle are brought to light, including those of William O'Connor and Mrs. Gilchrist. From Dr. Barrus' account, which, by the way, is carefully annotated by herself and Clifton J. Furness, we are led to believe that Whitman reconstructed himself into a symbol of pioneer democracy. His followers knew little of his personal life; they were overawed (with the exception of Burroughs) by the grand oracular manner and the physical dignity of the "Good Gray Poet." Dr. Barrus never allows her admiration for Whitman to run away with the facts on hand. A few of her tentative opinions concerning Whitman's ideal of comradship seem a bit näive, but it is entirely possible that Whitman himself was quite unconscious of the personal motives underlying his need for a brotherhood of man. Dr. Barrus' use of her source material deserves unqualified praise; undoubtedly her present volume will serve as an influence upon all future biographers of Whitman.

SCIENCE

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF SCIENCE, by R. J. Harvey-Gibson. Second edition, revised and enlarged by A. W. Titherley. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 508 pages. $3.50.*

Here is a history of science written in topical fashion and arranged by period and subject But it has little of the continuity of narrative which one demands as a matter of course in every other branch of historical writing, and which is far from unattainable even in the scientific field. As a topical history it is crammed full of facts which are clearly explained within the limits of the space. The treatment of the various epochs and sciences is well balanced, except for the period of Greek science, which receives a disgracefully sketchy summary of ten pages. On the other hand, the treatment of the last fifty years, "Science Today," is quite full and makes the book very useful as an elementary compendium of current scientific discovery.

FICTION

BEGINNER'S LUCK, by Emily Hahn. *New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.*

An independent young girl and two boys, one an artist and the other recently expelled from prep school, decide to escape from the Sante Fe art colony and look for adventure in the primitive life of Mexico. All of them are muddled and pretty much worried as to what everything is all about; but they are certain that escape is necessary and that Mexican life is the solution. Before they reach the Mexican border, Teddy, the much petted young artist, remembers a tea date and forces the others to return with him. Miss Hahn has captured the confusion of youth to the extent of writing a vague and bewildering novel.

WORLD CHAMPIONS, by Paul Morand. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

"World Champions" was reviewed when it appeared in French by Edmund Wilson in the October 29, 1930, issue of The New Republic. The English version seems to be quite good but hardly worth doing. The characters in the book are simulacrums of intelligent people and their American backgrounds do not quite ring true. Morand's incidental analysis of the backgrounds of the time emerges as a chaos which is his own: this world is not readily recognizable except for track meets, oratorical contests and smart repartee He takes America for a university and peoples it with undergraduates. "World Champions," whatever it portends to be, is esentially a college novel, conceived by a Frenchman.

Contributors

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON, who is at present traveling in Europe, has been head of the department of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania since 1910. He is the author, among other volumes on economic subjects, of "Tests of a Foreign Government Bond" and has contributed extensively to social and economic journals.

JAMES RORTY, who for a number of years was an advertising copywriter, has contributed to the more advanced literary magazines. At present he is living on a farm in Connecticut and working on a novel.

H. BONER, who hails from the West, has been doing graduate work at Columbia University, which this year awarded him the Van Rensselaer prize for poetry. An anthology of verse written by Columbia students, to be published this fall, will include some of his work.

KENNETH BURKE, the author of a volume of short stories, "White Oxen," and a contributor to The Bookman and The Dial, is to publish this fall a study in esthetics under the imprint of Harcourt, Brace. The essay in the present issue of The New Republic will be included in the volume.

LEWIS MUMFORD, whose work in the fields of criticism and biography is well known to New Republic readers, has completed a study of the arts in America during the thirty years following the Civil War. The volume, which will be published under the title of "The Brown Decades," is on the fall list of Harcourt, Brace.

R. G. TUGWELL, a member of the department of Economics at Columbia University, was one of the collaborating authors of "American Economic Life and the Means of Its Improvement."

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